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The Outlook

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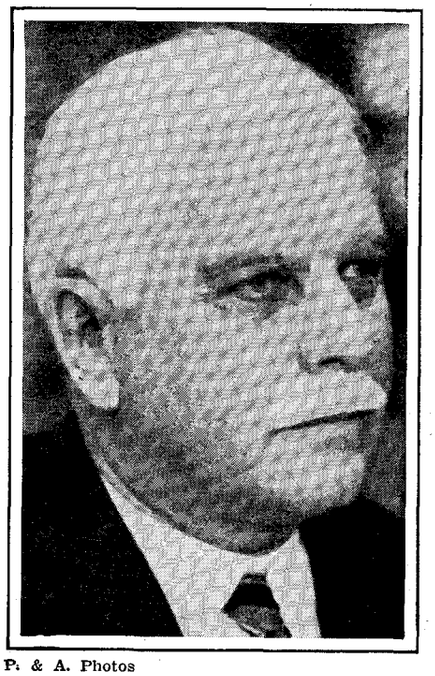
Labor Chief and Financier

WARREN S. STONE, for twenty-two years chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, who died in Chicago on June 12, has been called an aristocrat of labor; yet he, like others engaged in this skilled form of work, pushed his way up from the fireman's job long before he became prominent as an industrial leader. The word autocrat probably describes him better, for, like his predecessor, Mr. Arthur, he was not much inclined to accept opposition from those who disagreed with him in Brotherhood affairs.

Warren Stone was a financier as well as a labor chief. It was under his advice that labor unions began to use their accumulations in establishing or buying banks and trust companies. It is stated that his Brotherhood has over $100,000,000 invested as owners in banks, realty, and insurance holdings. It has a bank in Cleveland and a trust company in New York, each bearing the name of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and holds large real estate investments in many places.

Thus Mr. Stone did much to further the economic idea that men who work with their hands are rapidly becoming capitalists through individual holding of stocks whether in their own business or some other, and the line of demarcation between labor and capital is just so far being wiped out. There are now a dozen or more banks in this country controlled in stock ownership by labor unions. To Warren Stone this singular and interesting development is largely due.

As a labor leader Mr. Stone, so far as the railway Brotherhoods were concerned, was opposed to rash action or to strikes when arbitration was possible. In the great dispute as to railway wages and methods in 1912, for instance, the award by a commission acting under the Erdman Law was cheerfully and loyally accepted by Mr. Stone's Brotherhood, and thereby, as The Outlook commented at the time, a calamitous industrial war was averted. Mr. Roosevelt, the same year, speaking before the Brotherhood of



P. & A. Photos

Warren S. Stone

Locomotive Engineers, congratulated it on the principles embodied in its motto—sobriety, truth, justice, and morality.

A Trade Succors Its Unemployed

THE cloak and suit industry in New York set in operation early in June a system of unemployment insurance that promises to help in the development of means to protect the wage-earner from the hardships of lack of work. It started paying weekly checks of ten dollars to those members of its component unions who had been without work more than nine weeks of the present season. A fund of some $1,200,000 behind the payments has been built up gradually from contributions in the proportion of two per cent from employers and one per cent from employees, some 35,000 in number.

When a somewhat similar scheme of employer-employee contribution to an insurance fund was made compulsory by law a year ago in Argentina, the wage-earners of Buenos Aires rose against it in a general strike that tied up some of the chief industries of the country. But there is a great difference between a virtual tax levied by law like the contributions on the Argentinian plan and a fund nourished by the collective voluntary action of the employees and the concerns hiring them. The plan set in operation in New York has as one of its merits, and not the least of them, the fact that it was created by the participants, and not superimposed on them. It is not the only system of unemployment insurance now functioning, nor yet the largest. Great Britain has had statutory unemployment insurance ever since the act of 1911 went into force, levying equal contributions from employer and employee, reinforced with a state subsidy.

The cloak and suit trade's plan has advantages over one or the other of the older schemes, in that it is made to run without Government intervention, and in that the wage-payers as well as the wage-earners support it. The dread of unemployment is one of the chief creators of class hostility in the minds of the millions separated by only the thickness of a pay envelope from want and distress. A really successful plan of insurance against this disturbing dread, one free from charges on the taxpayer, must have great public value; it must increase the number of people contented with the time and country they live in. Many other trades will watch the cloak and suit trade's plan, to see whether it turns out well enough to invite copying.

Citizenship Is the Test

A LAW providing for the admission of immigrants to the United States on a selective rather than the quota basis is to be urged upon Congress at the next session by the National Association of Manufacturers. A committee made up of representatives of some of the larger manufacturing interests has been appointed to work out the details of the selective system to be recommended.

In its basic principle the system proposed by the manufacturers is at least similar to the plan which The Outlook has advocated. It resembles, too, the plan which Secretary of Labor Davis has been urging for a long time past. The common factor is the provision for shifting from a quota basis to a basis of selec-

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tion. There are, however, divergent factors. The basis of selection proposed by the National Association of Manufacturers, and even that proposed by Secretary Davis, is more dependent upon apparent labor needs at a particular time than the basis which The Outlook has advocated.

A spokesman for the National Association of Manufacturers is quoted as saying that immigration should be adjusted to the Nation's demand for labor. That is wrong. Immigration should be adjusted to the Nation's demand for citizens, their capacity for performing useful labor to be considered along with other qualifications. He is further quoted as saying that the law should be made elastic enough to admit laborers in accordance with the demonstrated needs of industry from season to season. That, again, is wrong. The law should be elastic enough to admit persons who will fit into the permanent needs of industry, but it should be at the same time rigid enough to exclude those who, while they might fill an immediate apparent need of industry for laborers, might later upset the permanent balance of our economic and social life. In short, selection ought to be made with a view to obtaining a homogeneous population. Since persons not capable of performing useful work or for whom no work of the kind they are qualified to do would be available would not fit into this scheme, it follows that the needs of industry—even the temporary needs—would be considered, but would not constitute the sole determining factor.

Any plan of selective immigration, however, has the advantage over the present plan that the question of who is to be admitted would be answered at the home of the person seeking to come to the United States, and not at Ellis Island and other immigrant pens. It should not be difficult for the advocates of the selective system to adjust their differences and present to Congress a satisfactory plan.

Underwood and the Nation's Taxes

A VERY drastic reduction of income-tax rates looms as the outstanding probability at the next session of Congress. Queerly enough, it is at this time more a Democratic than a Republican movement. Senator Underwood, of Alabama, the sponsor of the first Federal Income Tax Law, is the spokesman for a group of Democrats in and out of Congress who would reduce surtaxes and normal rates far below anything that has yet been proposed by Secretary Mellon or any other Republican leader. Senators Glass, Caraway, and King are known to stand with Senator Underwood on the main proposition he advances. Indications are that an important branch of the Democratic Party, if not the party as such in Congress, will go far beyond the Administration programme for tax reduction.

Meanwhile the Administration programme contemplates a cut of not less than $400,000,000, and probably as much as $600,000,000. These are the figures of Senator Smoot, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. Whether the new Democratic movement will combine with the older Administration movement is still a question, but the indications are that drastic reduction under one plan or another will have sufficient support to assure its success.

Senator Underwood advocates an unqualified return to the basis of pre-war income-tax rates. He would cut the maximum surtax rate to thirteen per cent, which is only one-third of the present maximum and only one-half of the maximum proposed under the Mellon plan. He would make a flat normal rate of two per cent on incomes.

Along with his proposal for an unprecedented tax slash, Senator Underwood proposes economies in Government expenditures which dwarf President Coolidge's economy efforts. In a recent address in Montgomery Senator Underwood declared that he would give the President blanket authority to abolish Government bureaus, and he added, "There are many of them which are mere conveniences, and not Government necessities." Becoming more emphatic, Senator Underwood said, "I would slow down the Government before it slows down the business of the Nation." He declared that the present taxation system is dissipating the wealth of the Nation and that the man of comparatively small income is harder hit than the man of large income. "Under the law of 1916," he said, "nearly thirty per cent of the revenue was derived from incomes of more than $100,000, and in 1921 only four and a half per cent came from that source."

There appears to be the possibility of political as well as of economic significance in the movement of which Senator Underwood is the spokesman. That significance may be that the Democrats have definitely returned from their following after strange gods. Or it may mean a step toward a definite double coalition, conservative Democrats with conservative Republicans on one side and the so-called progressives of both parties on the other side. Or, again, it may mean neither of those things, but something that does not yet appear above the horizon.

Cut Out the Politics

THE Chairman of the United States Civil Service Commission, William C. Deming, is authority for the statement that President Coolidge will make an effort to secure action by Congress placing all postmasters and all prohibition enforcement agents under regular classified service. If the effort is successful, much will have been accomplished, not only toward relieving the President of unnecessary burdens, but toward improved efficiency in two important branches of the Federal service which are now unhappily dominated by politics.

Postmasters are now appointed, nominally, under Civil Service regulations, but there is no legal authority other than an Executive Order. Under the provisions of this order, the Civil Service Commission holds a competitive examination for a postmaster at any Presidential post office upon notification by the Postmaster-General that a vacancy exists or will soon occur. The Commission certifies the names of the three eligibles making the highest grades, and the President may appoint any one of the three.

If that were all, there could be no serious objection to the present arrangement, but it is an unfortunate fact that politics plays almost as important a part in the selection of postmasters now as it did before they were placed under Civil Service. It is the practice of the Postmaster-General to refer the Commission's certification to the Congressman in whose district the vacancy exists, or to some other local dispenser of patronage if the Congressman is not of the party in power. It is usually known in advance that this will be done, and a favorite who has rendered faithful party service is "groomed" for the job. If he is not fortunate enough to win a place among the highest three, means may be found for rejecting all three of the names

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Disarm them, and let them question

(The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III, Scene 1)

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

The bear that's armed like a man

From Madge Sullivant, Fort Scott, Kansas

Evans in the Columbus Evening Dispatch

A new kind of missionary in China

From Mary F. Baker, Columbus, Ohio

Craig Fox in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle

He just can't make up his mind

From Mrs. Clayton E. Holder, Cuylerville, N. Y.

S. S. Byck in the New York Commercial

That darned old pipe again!

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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certified and securing a new examination. The result is a lack of confidence in the competitive feature of the examinations.

Despite these unfavorable features, the examinations are serving a good purpose in weeding out the unworthy and the unqualified. The full benefits of open competition cannot be realized, however, until the four-year tenure law is repealed and appointments made for permanent tenure, as they are in other branches of the service. Under present conditions, the Civil Service Commission suffers criticism and the entire merit system is brought under suspicion. The good faith of the Commission and the worth of the merit system are questioned by many because it is known that political considerations affect the choice of most postmasters.

Expensive Pets

THE situation is even worse with regard to prohibition enforcement agents. In their appointment political favoritism is unrestrained. Inevitably, men are appointed, not because they have any qualifications for law enforcement positions, but because, in one way or another, they have been or will be useful to Congressmen or other politicians. This is, of course, not true of all agents, but it is true of the force as a whole, and that fact brings every agent under suspicion of inefficiency if of nothing worse. Public confidence in the enforcement force is completely lacking. Roy A. Haynes, Prohibition Commissioner, is probably the only man in the United States who believes that these agents "are the most loyal group of men who ever worked for this country." It would be incredible that he believes it but for the fact that he recently said so to Ernest W. Mandeville, The Outlook's investigator.

There are many Congressmen, to be sure, who will be loth to forgeo the privilege of having their pets appointed prohibition agents and postmasters, but there are indications of a growing sentiment among the members of both houses of Congress for taking these two classes of public servants out of politics. The recommendation which President Coolidge is now expected to make in his next Message will undoubtedly have considerable weight even with Representatives and Senators who are not members of his own party. It is not in any sense a party matter. The Civil Service is as far removed from politics as any agency can be in a democratic government. Extensions of the classified service must be made as the result of the joint effort of members of both parties who are willing to forego petty personal advantages for the benefit of the country.

Perhaps it would not be wise to attempt at this time to secure any other extensions than the two mentioned. Postmasters and prohibition enforcement agents constitute the two most important groups of Government employees who still owe their positions to the spoils system. But there are other classes of positions which ultimately should be classified and taken out of the field of political preference.

A Wet Dry

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN W. LANGLEY, Republican, of Kentucky, is probably now assured of a seat in Congress as long as he lives.

A year or more ago he was indicted on a charge of conspiring to violate the National Prohibition Law by withdrawing liquor under fraudulent permits. He was convicted, fined $10,000 and condemned to serve two years in the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta. Following his conviction his constituents promptly re-elected him as their Representative in Congress. He continued at large pending the decision of his case on appeal, and thus was in position so to conduct himself as to insure permanent occupancy of his seat in the National House of Representatives.

Representative Langley recently has kept the peace officers of his home town of Pikeville fairly busy. His latest vote-making exploit was to get arrested for drunkenness. He has now been indicted on that charge. But before the indictment was returned he was sentenced to ten hours in jail for contempt of court by his conduct in connection with the arrest for drunkenness. Though he was actually locked up only four of the ten hours for which he was sentenced, he accomplished enough to insure his official future.

Of course the prediction that these achievements will secure a permanent seat in Congress for Langley is based on the hypothesis that his constituents will react to the stimulus in the same way that they did last November when, Langley being newly convicted of violating the liquor laws, they re-elected him to Congress. His victory was credited to the "drys," who were said to have supported him because, as a Congressman, he voted "dry." It is not to be believed, of course, that all advocates of prohibition supported him. There is a difference between "drys" and certain "dry" organizations.

This matter, however, certainly furnishes an illustration of the fact that if "dry" organizations expect to promote respect for themselves and their cause they must pay some attention to the personal as well as the voting records of the candidates they support.

The Slip Twixt the Sale and the Ship

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has made a suggestion to the United States Shipping Board which, if it is accepted, should result in more efficient handling of matters pertaining to the sale of ships to private operators. It is that the Board surrender the right to conduct negotiations for the sale of ships and lines, reserving, however, the power of approving or rejecting contracts, and that all negotiations for sale be conducted under the direction of Admiral Palmer, President of the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

Some such arrangement as this would be desirable even if there were ordinary harmony among members of the Shipping Board, but it is made the more necessary by the fact that recently differences of opinion within the Board have been such as practically to make agreement impossible. At present negotiations for sales may be conducted by the Board as such, by the Fleet Corporation as such, or by individual members of one or the other. It has at least been rumored that individual members of the Shipping Board are approached with respect to opening negotiations for sales and that the result frequently is a contest of political and personal influence. How much of this has actually gone on cannot be known, of course, but it is certain that individual members have opened negotiations. Henry Ford, who proposes to buy several hundred ships, was brought into the picture by negotiations begun by Chairman O'Connor.

If the President's suggestion is accepted, the political and personal element will be almost completely eliminated so far as the carrying on of

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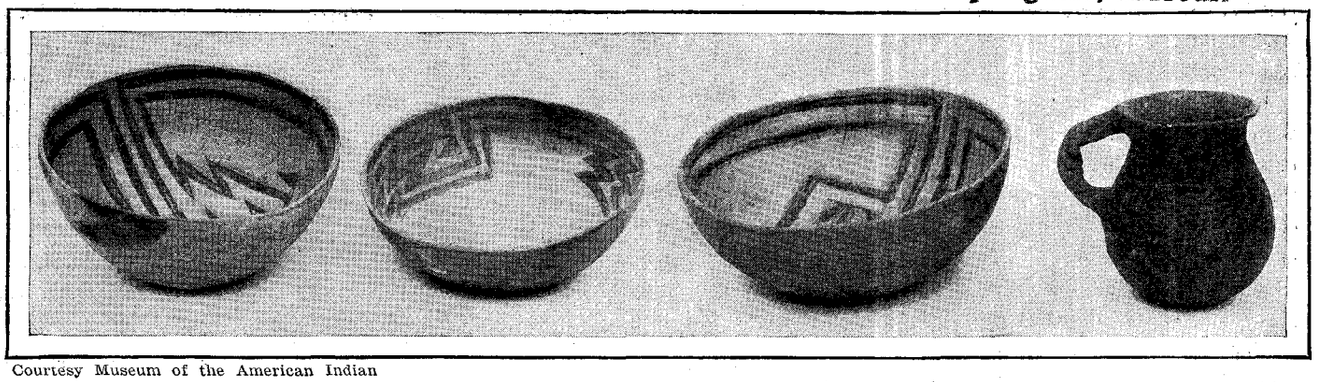

Courtesy Museum of the American Indian

Ancient types of pottery found in a grave in Pueblo Grande, Nevada

negotiations is concerned, though it may continue to exist in the making of decisions as to whether or not contracts of sale shall be approved. Admiral Palmer, to whom the President would give sole authority to conduct negotiations, is neither a political appointee nor a partisan of any particular policy.

The plan which the President proposes is designed to serve until Congress meets and enacts a law giving the Fleet Corporation entire charge of operations and conferring on the Shipping Board powers with relation to water transportation similar to those which the Inter-State Commerce Commission exercises with regard to railroads. Whether Congress will enact such a law or not is, of course, an open question, but some legislation to straighten out the tangle appears almost inevitable.

The Norse Centenary

A HUNDRED years ago this year, on the Fourth of July, the first Norse organized American colony set sail in a sloop-rigged vessel called the Restaurationen. From this group of fifty-two people has grown and expanded the immense Norse or Norse-descended American population, so valuable a factor in the development of the Northwest. No wonder that the centenary of this event has excited such interest and enthusiasm in Minnesota and neighboring States; or that the President of the United States honored the opening of the centenary ceremonies and festivities with his presence; or that the replica of the Restaurationen is the center of sightseeing interest.

The Norse race has always been hardy, prone to dangerous voyages and far-reaching exploration. They are lovers of liberty, sturdy tillers of the soil and hewers of the timber, good and intelligent citizens. Their presence has been a healthful and invigorating element in our National development. To-day, as Secretary of State Kellogg remarked at Minneapolis, they are among the best of our farmers, merchants, and bankers. Mr. Coolidge was justified in declaring: "When I look upon you and realize what you are and what you have done, I know that in your hands our country is secure. You have laid up your treasure in what America represents, and there will your heart be also. You have given your pledge to the land of the free."

The Lost City of Nevada

THE field expedition of the Museum of the American Indian, which, under the direction of M. R. Harrington, has been engaged since November in excavating the ruins of an ancient Indian pueblo, has sent in its first report of discoveries. The Indian city, which was discovered by Mr. Harrington while a member of the exploring party organized by Governor Scrugham, of Nevada, lies in the Moapa district, in the desert. It is of unusual interest to scientists because no ruins of this sort have ever before been reported so far West.

The ancient city or cities are almost wholly covered by drifting sand, with here and there a corner of a stone dwelling jutting out of one of the dismal dunes. Throughout the silent streets and plazas numberless fragments of pottery litter the ground. It is of very ancient type, painted in characteristic designs in black on gray or black on red. The ancient people had no knowledge of the potter's wheel or the art of glazing.

The ancient houses are square, as a rule, with one to three rooms, but some round *kivas*, or ceremonial chambers, were found where the secret rites of the tribe were conducted.

One of the most interesting discoveries is that the dwellers in the Lost City were accustomed to bury their dead in the floors of abandoned houses, or perhaps they did not abandon a house until a death and burial had taken place there.

In the graves were found canteens or water-bottles of pottery, beautiful eating bowls of clay, the remains of woven robes, fragments of sandals, coiled basketry, and even a set of ancient bone dice.

The age of the Pueblo Grande must be very great. The character of the pottery is ancient. The small houses are simple in comparison with the present communal dwellings. Parts of the city have been rebuilt two or three times. Great erosion or washing away has taken place since the city was abandoned. No indication was found of the coming of the white man with his glass beads, crockery, and metal ware.

Archæologists class ruins of this type as Pre-Pueblo, belonging to a remote period before the culture or civilization of the Pueblo tribes discovered in New Mexico and Arizona by the Spaniards had been developed.

Not only the State of Nevada, but the entire world is indebted to Governor Scrugham, who inaugurated the exploration and is now working to have the Legislature of Nevada set aside the tract of land upon which the Lost City, the Pueblo Grande of Nevada, is situated.

Are You Famous for Knowledge?

THE electors of the Hall of Fame are about to begin their task of selecting the names of twelve eminent Americans who deserve a place among America's greatest. They are to choose this year (the election takes place every five years) from the following list:

Samuel Adams, Horace Bushnell, Edwin Booth, George Rogers Clark, John Singleton Copley, Dorothea Lynde Dix, William Lloyd Garrison, Nathanael Greene, Thomas Jonathan ("Stonewall") Jackson, John Jay, John Paul Jones,

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Adoniram Judson, Matthew Fontaine Maury, William Penn, Wendell Phillips, Henry Hobson Richardson, Benjamin Rush, Philip Henry Sheridan, Benjamin Thompson, Henry David Thoreau, Noah Webster, Walt Whitman, Charles Bulfinch, Cyrus West Field, Sidney Lanier, Paul Revere, James Otis.

These names are to undergo the scrutiny of a group of scientists, educators, and men and women of affairs. Possibly while these names are being tried in the jury room it might be an appropriate time to suggest a test of the knowledge of all those Americans whose names will never be even suggested as candidates for the Hall of Fame.

Let us begin with some direct questions to the reader of this editorial. Can you write 500 words, let us say, for a dictionary of biography, on all of the candidates for admision to the Hall of Fame? Can you tell briefly how these men and women have affected American life and the course of our history? Can you even characterize all these candidates with a single phrase?

If you can do any or all of these things, we have probably made an error in inferring that you have little chance of election to the Hall of Fame. There probably is a niche already prepared for your bust.

Inertia or Research?

THE fact, which has received considerable attention in the press, that German chemists have perfected a process by which synthetic wood alcohol, or methanol, may be produced for about 18 cents a gallon, and that the American manufacturers of alcohol from wood, a product selling at about 70 cents a gallon, may be hard hit by the importation of large quantities of this cheaper synthetic product, is not so important to the world at large as the more significant fact that a cheap process of synthesizing wood alcohol from coal and water has been discovered. Wood alcohol is an important underlying necessity in many of the arts.

To satisfy the American distillers the present import duty of 12 cents a gallon could be raised by the President on advice of the Tariff Commission; but, says "Industrial and Engineering Chemistry," published by the American Chemical Society, this would be only a temporary expedient. "As we understand the flexible tariff, it was intended as an aid in equalizing actual cost of production as between American and foreign countries where differences in standards of living and similar economic conditions would give other countries a controlling advantage. It was not intended as a protection against a lack of foresight, inertia, or even ignorance. . . . Synthetic methanol must be produced in America. . . . To depend wholly upon tariff protection for an indefinite time would be to accuse American science of incompetence."

The new process consists essentially of passing steam over hot coal to form water gas, a common product, mixing this water gas with hydrogen and subjecting the mixture to heat and pressure in the presence of a catalyzer. Methanol is thus formed. This process is patented and is very similar and almost as important as the nitrogen-fixing process discovered by the great German chemist, Haber. The Badische Soda und Amalin Fabrik is already producing twenty tons of methanol daily in Saxony. French chemists have partly developed a somewhat similar process, capable of producing methanol at about 30 cents a gallon, the motive for the research involved being the hope of perfecting a cheap motor spirit. European processes may soon be employed in American plants, but this would be under foreign patents.

Will Synthetic Methanol Displace Gasoline?

DR. FRANZ FISCHER, Director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute and the inventor of the German methanol process, presented a paper before the April meeting of the American Chemical Society on the subject of liquid fuels from water gas. By a related process a product called synthol has been produced, and this may prove to be a valuable motor fuel. "What makes the subject of particular interest to the automotive industry," says "Automotive Industries," "is that this synthetic alcohol is a result of the researches carried on in Germany during the war to find a substitute motor fuel." "Power," devoted to great power developments, points out that alcohol cannot easily be substituted for gasoline in any motor without modification of the engine." The amount of fuel would have to be doubled, for the combustion of a pound of alcohol develops much less than two-thirds of the heat evolved in the burning of an equal weight of gasoline. Alcohol must therefore sell under 15 cents a gallon to make it competitive. "Coal Age," recognizing that all previous plans to establish an industry based on coal burned at the mine mouth have failed, suggests that coal can be made into methanol at the mine and this less bulky product shipped away for use. This journal believes that motor spirit may be one of the ultimate products of the synthetic methanol process.

Research and necessary funds for research account for the discovery of the new process, which potentially is the creation of millions of wealth on a basis of a tiny fraction of that amount spent for laboratory work.

The Key to the Pacific

THE Hawaiian Islands are inadequately defended. That is the substance of the joint report of Admiral Coontz and Major-General Hines, chief umpires of the recent maneuvers of the Army and the Navy designed to test the adequacy of the present garrison and equipment to repulse a surprise attack in force.

The recommendations for strengthening the defenses include an increase of the Army garrison by several thousand men, a practical doubling of the active and reserve airplane component, inclusion in the permanent forces of the Hawaiian Naval District of a much larger number of defense submarines, and the addition of two sixteen-inch rifles to the battery defenses in the vicinity of Pearl Harbor. The results of the technical study of the maneuvers by a large group of Army and Navy officers are embodied in the report, which has been transmitted for consideration by the Joint Army and Navy Board.

These conclusions were, in the main, forecast in the articles written by The Outlook's correspondent who was with the fleet during the maneuvers.

The United Church of Canada

AFTER twenty-five years of negotiations, the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational Churches of Canada have united and formed the United Church of Canada. From the very first the ideals of the Unionists have captured the Methodists and Congregationalists and with almost unbroken ranks they have moved forward from committee stage of negotiations to co-operation to the present consummation. The advance in the Presbyterian Church has not been so smooth, though at first it was received with great enthusiasm. With them the progress advanced through the committee

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stage and into considerable co-operation with the Methodists in publishing interests, especially in Sunday-school periodicals and mission work; but when they neared the day for union there developed a strong organization, called the Presbyterian Church Association, that pledged itself to stop this Union movement and break it up. Since that date a sharp battle has been fought that placed the Presbyterian Church, especially in the province of Ontario, in two distinct camps. But the Union movement grew in power in the General Assembly and acts of consummation of Union were demanded from the Federal and provincial Governments. The date set for Union was June 10, 1925, and those congregations that did not wish to enter the United Church were given the privilege of voting themselves out. Not one Methodist congregation has refused to enter the Union. A few Congregational churches (five or six) have determined to maintain their independence. Of the three thousand congregations of the Presbyterians, seven hundred have voted to stay out of the Union, and many of these are in strategic centers, rich, numerous, and influential. Their claims to name and endowment funds, as the lawful adherents to the Westminster Confession and the "continuing" Presbyterian Church, have been denied them by the General Assembly, which claims the right of a church to dispose of itself as it will and declares that the United Church of Canada is the lawful "continuing Presbyterian Church in Canada." The mission fields have gone almost unanimously for Union and the "antis" have approached the Unionists to share with them this work of the Church. The answer was made that nothing has tended to hinder propagation of the Gospel on mission fields like denominationalism and that one of the great reasons for union was to heal this breach in the kingdom of God. The missionary task both at home and abroad for the new Church will be very heavy, but it may prove adequate to it, for it will be a great Church having a membership of over eight hundred thousand, a constituency of two million adherents, and some ten thousand preaching places. The consummation acts of union took place in the city of Toronto on June 10, when before an immense gathering in the Arena representatives of the uniting bodies signed the Basis on Union: For the Presbyterian Church, Rev. G. C. Pidgeon, D.D., Moderator of the General Assembly; for the Methodist Church, Rev. S. D. Chown, D.D., General Superintendent; for the Congregational Union, Rev. W. H. Warriner, D.D.; and for the Western Union Churches, Rev. C. S. Eesley. Then amid the greatest enthusiasm it was declared that the United Church of Canada had been constituted and its General Council was operative. This Council, to which delegates had been appointed by the negotiating churches, went immediately into session in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto; while in a near-by Presbyterian church the "antis" met, and as far as it was in their power organized to continue the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Debts of Japan

RUMORS have appeared in the press and in the world's financial centers that Japan is seeking to arrange new loans running into millions. The Outlook, as a result of inquiry through a representative in Tokyo, is able to state that all such rumors are the work of agents engaged in sounding the market.

The fact is that the Japanese Government is strongly opposed to any further borrowings abroad, owing to the unfavorable conditions existing at home. Both British and American financial agents are active in Tokyo seeking to arrange loans in the form of high-interest-bearing bonds. The Government, however, is settled in its determination not to borrow further abroad in behalf of the state, and is using every means to prevent private borrowing.

The present indebtedness of the Tokyo municipality alone is causing great uneasiness. The obligations of the city can only be met by still further increase in taxation, and already the burden of taxation is so severe as to produce a dangerous undercurrent of revolt among the people. The cost of living is still extravagantly high, and it is recognized that only by stringent economies can Japan hope to establish herself on the road to recovery.

To-day, nearly two years after the great disaster, the work of reconstruction is largely superficial. In Yokohama practically nothing has been done. The old Japanese town with its quaint two-story shacks has been rebuilt, and the docks to a large extent reconstructed, but the old international section, once so famous, is still little more than a desolate tract of ruin. In these circumstances the Japanese business man, eager to get ahead, is an all too easy prey to the offers of credit. The lure of "big and bigger business" he finds hard to withstand. But the Government is slowly beginning to recognize that if the interest of 8 per cent on the millions already borrowed is to be paid there must not only be no more borrowing, but a most rigid system of economy combined with hard work must be established.

Chaotic China

IT has been said that the real trouble with China is that it has acquired the habit of civil war, and of local civil wars rather than national civil war, for unconnected complications between conflicting elements and ambitions in different parts of China form a major feature of her civil wars.

Last week The Outlook, from information derived from a close observer, pointed out the undercurrents that have produced some of the recent incidents in China—the industrial situation, especially in the Japanese mills, the Soviet influence, the anti-foreign feeling which always springs up with every outbreak. Since then several new incidents have emphasized the necessity of wise and prompt consideration of Chinese troubles by the Powers.

It was thought that the violent outbreaks at Shanghai had come to an end, but as late as June 15 a British subject, Mr. W. W. Mackenzie, who was driving with a woman companion not far from the American Country Club, was shot and killed and his companion wounded. This shooting is said to have been indirectly connected with the opposition of the Chinese to road building by the Shanghai Municipal Council. Such incidents as this and the previous wounding of an American woman near Canton show that the Chinese are in an excitable and reckless mood. A letter has been published signed by professors of the National University of Peking which asserts that the original Shanghai outbreak grew out of a strike by Chinese workers in a factory owned by Japanese in which a striker was shot and killed. The Chinese students attempted to parade the streets in protest, unarmed, but they entered the foreign-governed part of Shanghai, and when they were dispersed by the police under British command it is said that machine guns were used and that some seventy-five

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Chinese were killed and perhaps three hundred wounded. It is not remarkable that anti-foreign hostility became exceedingly violent.

A fierce little battle took place at Canton on June 12, when the Yunnanese army holding the city were attacked and defeated by native Chinese forces. This affair grew out of a dispute between the two factions of supporters of the late Sun Yat-sen, one of which had originally employed the Yunnanese as allies, but had tried to get rid of them after Sun Yat-sen's death. The slaughter of the Yunnanese is said to have been something frightful, and large numbers of them were killed, tortured, and thrown into the river.

At Hankow also fighting has taken place and a warlike condition of things continues to exist.

These and other Chinese outbreaks are quite disconnected, yet are equally symptomatic.

Every one agrees that matters cannot very well grow more chaotic and dangerous and that some definite policy should be agreed upon by the Powers. A conference regarding China was included in the Washington Treaty, but that referred only to a single matter of limited importance and scope. Especially important is it that some course be required from China which should deal fairly as well as efficiently with the industrial question, which seems to be getting worse all the time. For instance, Dr. C. K. Edmunds, of Johns Hopkins University, who was for many years President of the Canton Christian College, is quoted as saying that labor has been exploited outrageously in the foreign-owned mills and that conditions in Shanghai factories are not only bad, but frightful.

The Forests Are Forests

RECREATION in the National Forests appears to be no longer spoken of officially as a major function. Roads through the Forests are no longer spoken of as having been built primarily for the benefit of recreation seekers. A detailed statement, prepared by Assistant Forester Sherman, deals throughout with recreation as a minor function and with roads as having only an incidental recreational purpose. There has not been any change in promulgated rules and regulations. Probably there is nothing in the fixed rules that needs material change. But there has been a change—a welcome change—in the manner of speaking of the subject, which may indicate that there has been a change in the manner of thinking of it.

Concerning the statement by the Assistant Forester, Secretary of Agriculture Jardine wrote in advance to the Secretary of the American Forestry Association as follows:

> The recreational use of the National Forests is a subject of considerable interest to me, which I have discussed in some detail with the Forester, Colonel Greeley, but, unfortunately, I have been unable to give it the careful study which should precede my specific approval of principles or rules to govern it, nor will I be able to do so until after I return from my Western trip. My general views on the subject, however, are known to the Forester and I understand that a statement which he has in preparation is in substantial accord with those views.
>
> In my consideration of this subject the points which stand out prominently are these: That the National Forests, purely as a by-product of their systematic management and without impairment of their primary functions, are making an enormously important contribution to public welfare and social progress; that this result is being secured not in conflict but in harmony with the intent of Congress; that notwithstanding the large degree of free use which is allowed, recreation in the National Forests is more than paying the costs of its supervision; and that the many people who know and use the National Forests are well satisfied with the present state of affairs. These facts lead inevitably to the conclusion that the Department's present policy is fundamentally sound and probably not in need of material modification.

Secretary Jardine had left Washington on his Western trip before the statement referred to was issued. He had not seen it when he wrote the letter here quoted. There was evidently an agreement between the Secretary and the Chief Forester as to what would be included in the statement. But Chief Forester Greeley was himself in the West when the statement came out. An official of the Forest Service, however, has assured our Washington correspondent that the content of the statement was communicated to Colonel Greeley and received his approval.

The statement of the Assistant Forester is, in the main, a good statement. In its chief features it comes very close to being a fair restatement of the Roosevelt conception of what the National Forests should be. The Forests, Mr. Sherman says, "have been used for recreation in addition to the main purposes of timber production and watershed protection." Recreation is to be so handled "as to make the greatest returns to the National welfare consistent with the chief purposes for which the Forests were established." With regard to roads in the National Forests, he says that they "were not built to promote recreational use, but, on the contrary, were designed to fill in the gaps in the State and county systems of public highways," and that "the fact that these roads give access to areas of recreational value is an incidental result rather than a primary purpose in the projection and construction of the road system." Farther on he says that "recreational use is not inconsistent with Forest management, but, to the contrary, is a common by-product of such management."

If utterances of officials of the Forest Service had always been in the tone of this statement, and had made it plain that the recreational function of the Forest Service was not a major but an incidental interest, with actual practice in the Forests conforming, there never would have been any adverse criticism by The Outlook of their recreational use. Yet Mr. Sherman says that those who have raised the question of recreation as a legitimate use of the National Forests "have, to all intents and purposes, given a negative answer." The Outlook is among those who have raised the question; and it certainly has never given a negative answer. Through a series of editorials we said of recreation in the National Forests practically what Mr. Sherman now says—that it is a legitimate and necessary but none the less incidental and secondary use. We insisted that it should be held within its secondary and incidental sphere. That it had been exalted beyond that to a place of primary importance seemed clear from official statements. The phrase "major function of recreation" is a coin from the mint of the Forest Service, not from that of The Outlook. It was a district forester, and not The Outlook, who, in discussing the recreational use of the Forests, wrote: "This road system has one value, and only one value, namely, that as it approaches completion it makes it steadily easier for the public to come into the Forests."

If Forest practice henceforth conforms to the statement of the Assistant For-

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ester rather than to those earlier statements, recreation in the National Forests will be on a sound basis. The announcement is made, however, that a set of categorical rules will be submitted for the approval of the Secretary of Agriculture. These are set forth in Mr. Sherman's statement. They should receive—as they undoubtedly will—extremely careful consideration. Some of them should be modified, and it is our opinion that at least one of them should be reversed. It is this:

> The continuation of the present policy of making no charge for recreational use of the National Forests except where the land is used for commercial purposes or exclusive use of specific tracts or other special privileges are granted.

There are privileges other than those enumerated for which some charge should be made. The privilege of hunting or fishing in a National Forest, at least for non-residents of the region, should yield a fee. In general, though doubtless there are important exceptions, there seems to be no valid reason why privileges in the National Forests should not be charged for much as they are in the National Parks. The money thus derived would not come amiss. The statement is made that recreation brings in more than it costs, but the cost accounting appears to include only items of direct expense. In no statement that we recall, and certainly not in the one just issued by the Assistant Forester, is there any estimate of the cost to the Government of the time of rangers and other Forest employees expended in connection with the routine of recreational use. The time of rangers and others is figured in the cost of constructing recreational conveniences, but apparently no account is taken of the time they give from day to day to work made necessary by recreational use of the Forests.

But this tentative draft of guiding principles, right or wrong, is less significant than the fact that Secretary Jardine is to prescribe a set of principles for the guidance of the Forest Service in the matter of recreation. The Secretary is spending a considerable part of the summer in National Forest regions, familiarizing himself with conditions at first hand. He will be informed when he comes to pass upon the principles submitted for his approval.

The outlook brightens for the future of forestry in the United States.

Which Way Is Mexico Headed?

AGAIN the question arises, What's the matter with Mexico? There are two phases of the Mexican problem: the cause and the cure. It may be easier to diagnose the case than to apply the remedy.

Fundamentally, the causes of Mexico's troubles are twofold: false economic standards and mistaken ideas of liberty. There are many other factors of a secondary or subsidiary character which enter into the situation and which add

Keystone

President Calles

to the difficulties of maintaining an orderly and responsible government, but it is believed that the two mentioned furnish the basis on which all the others rest. Personal ambitions and the arousing of false hopes, the ignorance of the great masses of the people and the fact that there is practically no "public opinion" which might serve as a check or guide to those in authority, are among the supplemental reasons why there is still a Mexican "problem." That word is often used lightly, but in the case of Mexico it has a deep significance, for the problem is both delicate and difficult; and if not handled properly it may lead to serious international difficulties for years to come.

Of Porfirio Diaz, dictator of Mexico for almost forty years previous to the Revolution of 1910, it was said shortly before his overthrow: "He made peace ruthlessly; he welcomed capital generously. To clear the country of brigands he set a brigand to catch a brigand." No matter what this old iron-fisted ruler's faults may have been—and they doubtless were many—he saw one thing clearly: That there can be no development without capital, that wealth creates wealth. And with this he saw that there must be peace and order; and he established his famous *rurales*—bandits to catch bandits. In a modified degree application of these two principles doubtless would work to the benefit of Mexico to-day. Foreign capital, if properly encouraged and protected, would add greatly to Mexican wealth for Mexicans themselves.

False economic standards, it is believed, are responsible for the failure of the Mexican Government to reach agreements with the United States on numerous cases presented in behalf of American citizens whose property has been seized and who have sought indemnification or restoration of their properties. Unable to obtain any satisfaction from the Mexican Government, despite patient and persistent efforts on the part of the American Ambassador in Mexico City, Secretary of State Kellogg finally called attention to the condition in a public statement, in which he asserted that "a great deal of property of Americans has been taken under or in violation of the agrarian laws for which no compensation has been made, and other properties practically ruined."

Perhaps Mr. Kellogg uses language which may appear more outspoken than is ordinary in diplomatic statements when he says:

> The Government of Mexico is now on trial before the world. We have been patient and realize, of course, that it takes time to bring about a stable government, but we cannot countenance violation of her obligations and failure to protect American citizens.
>
> We are looking to and expect the Mexican Government to restore properties illegally taken and to indemnify American citizens.

But really the sentence to which President Calles took most exception is internationally axiomatic. Mr. Kellogg said: "This Government will continue to support the Government in Mexico only so long as it protects American lives and American rights and complies with its international engagements and obligations."

It is to the "unlawful seizures" of lands and properties of Americans under the agrarian laws of Mexico that the

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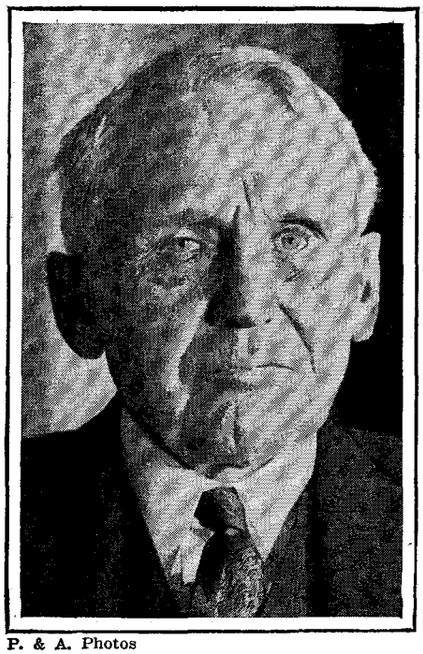
United States objects. This Government is not seeking to "create a privileged situation for its nationals" in Mexico, as President Calles lamely declared was the case in his reply to Secretary Kellogg. It simply affirms that legal rights, obtained under the laws of Mexico, must be protected. Calles is talking politically to his own people when he speaks of Mr. Kellogg's statement as "a threat to the sovereignty of Mexico."

The agrarian laws of Mexico aim to put the peons back on the land, and to this extent doubtless have much to commend. It is in the method by which they are being carried out that Mexico reveals the two fundamental causes of all her troubles: her false economic standards and her mistaken ideas of liberty. The former is being shown in the fact that lands in many parts of the Republic are not now being cultivated to anywhere near the extent they should be, the owners not being willing to sow in order that another may reap. The *agraristas* are not satisfied, as a rule, to seize a piece of land and work it themselves; they take a tract which is already cultivated, irrigated, and planted, frequently seizing buildings and water supplies along with the land which they appropriate for their own use. Not only do they exceed in many cases the provisions of the existing agrarian laws, but no compensation is paid to the owners for any of the land or property seized. Whether the Federal Government is not able or not willing to check the practice of such false economic standards, or whether it fears arousing the opposition of the various State authorities or the agrarian bands in the different localities who are responsible for these violations of the economic rights of others, is not known. The fact remains that the Government of the United States has not been able to obtain redress for any of its citizens in any of the numerous cases which it has presented to the Mexican Government. The delay has become excessive.

With a fundamental misconception of freedom, the agrarian leaders in Mexico seem to have mistaken liberty for license. And herein lies a big danger for Mexico in other directions which may lead to the abyss of economic and financial chaos. Unless this misconception is checked, this idea that there can be liberty without law, instead of liberty under the law, the whole fabric of Mexico's political system may be threatened. The question is, Will the present Government apply the drastic remedy?



P. & A. Photos

Secretary Kellogg

Facts and Fights

A MAN whose letterhead classes him, at least technically, as an educator has taken serious exception to the statements in Mr. Mandeville's articles on prohibition, one of which, by the way, appears in this issue of The Outlook.

Not infrequently subscribers disagree with the opinions of the editors of The Outlook and its contributors. That is no new experience for us. Comparatively rare, however, is the attitude of the critic to whom we have referred. He says, "Even if the Mandeville articles were true, I regard it as unpatriotic act to publish them."

If this is so, we shall have to revise our definition of patriotism. Truth, even disagreeable truth, is the corner-stone of a democracy.

Prohibitionists who refuse to face the facts hurt their cause and hurt the cause of law enforcement. The first job is to find out what is wrong; only then can remedies be applied. There is entirely too widespread a tendency to declare that "all goes well with prohibition" and that the malicious propaganda of the "wets" is the only "blot on the 'scutcheon."

A wholesome exception to this general rule is to be found in the statement issued last month by the Iowa Anti-Saloon League. The Iowa State Superintendent faced the facts of widespread law violation in his own State courageously and openly. There is no sign in his statement that he is ready to give up the fight. Rather, he is armed anew for the contest by his recognition of existing facts and their significance. "The question," Mr. McNaught says, "of modification is not an issue. The fight must be carried on against nullification."

The forces of law and order have a real fight on their hands. They will not help themselves or the country by minimizing or ignoring the strength of their enemies.

Good English

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THREE weeks ago in these pages I referred to the offensive use in an essay by a distinguished college president of the verb "we will" instead of "we shall" in a sentence which was manifestly intended to express, not volition or determination, but mere futurity. Such a confusion may fairly be called offensive, not because it is a violation of the rules of grammar, but because it hurts the ear accustomed to good usage of the English tongue. My comment has brought me several interesting letters in response to my expressed hope that some of my readers who are more expert grammarians than I profess to be might throw some more light upon this vexatious problem of syntax. One correspondent writes:

> In regard to the college president whose misuse of the word "will" so grates upon your ears, permit me to suggest the explanation that perhaps he may be a Scotch-Canadian with the habit so fixed by inheritance and training that many synapses within his brain would snap if he should try to change. I am not sure whether the changing about of "shall" and "will" is found among all Scotch or is peculiar only to those of Canada; I have observed it only in the latter.
>
> About a year ago, a young chiropractor from the province of Ontario came to this city and hung out his shingle. In his advertisement in the

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local paper one line ran about like this: "All persons coming to my office for consultation during the month of April shall receive one treatment free."

In one of the colleges of this State there is a Scotch-Canadian Professor of Government, a very able teacher and a very lovable man, who regularly uses "will" for "shall" in quoting a law or a section of the Constitution before his class. His rendering of Article I, Section 5, would be: "Excessive bail will not be required nor excessive fines imposed, nor will cruel and unusual punishments be inflicted, nor will witnesses be unreasonably detained."

Probably this comment will be of some interest to you, if you have not already observed the same thing.

It is of great interest to me—not, however, because of the pertinent and amusing way in which it illustrates the misuse of "will" and "shall" among carefully educated people, but because my correspondent introduces to me a new and difficult word. "Synapses within his brain"! What does this mean? Now I am dictating this article in a country house where the only books of reference at my command are the Century Dictionary in twelve volumes, the Encyclopædia Britannica in twenty-nine volumes, and Buck's Reference Handbook of the Medical Sciences in eight quarto volumes. None of these forty-nine useful books throws any light on the word 'synapse," so far as I can discover. I examined, somewhat cursorily I admit, the complicated and highly technical articles on the brain and spine, with their wiggly and unpleasant illustrations and Latin names, but nowhere could I tree—to use Mark Twain's phraseology in his amusing account of his attempt to find an unusual definition in the dictionary—the word "synapse." Luckily for me, however, the daughter of my hostess, a young girl of sixteen who is preparing for college, was in an adjoining room and overheard the labors of my dictation of this article. She modestly came in with her note-book in which she had recorded the lectures and diagrams of her teacher in "Physiology 9 B." In her manuscript on the nervous system and the brain she pointed out the following definitions:

> A synapse occurs when an impulse brought in by a dorsal fiber is communicated with a cell at the beginning of the ventral fiber.
>
> A stimulant decreases synaptic resistance, so that many reactions occur.
>
> A narcotic increases synaptic resistance, so that few reactions occur.
>
> In terms of synapses, a nervous person is one whose synaptic resistance has been lowered.

This is not very enlightening to a man of my limited comprehension. But, putting two and two together, or, in other words, combining the letter of my correspondent and the definition of the young girl student of physiology, I begin to surmise that the confusion of "will" and "shall" is a physiological symptom, and I am wondering whether the college president whose essay started all the trouble in which I find myself ought not to be psycho-analyzed. The inelegant—that is to say, the ill-bred—confusion of "will" and "shall" is due to bad habit rather than to bad education. Here physiologists and rhetoricians agree. "A habit," the young girl student of physiology informs me, "is a path of low resistance which favors a certain reaction when definite stimuli are operated;" and Richard Grant White, a most entertaining rhetorician, points out that "shilly-shally" is merely a colloquial corruption of Shall I? Shall I? Thus it expresses the condition of a man who is vacillating between two courses of conduct. No man, however low he may have fallen in his habits of speech, ever stands asking himself, "Will I? Will I?" Therefore we have no such phrase in English as "willy wally," although Will he? Will he not? has been contracted into willy-nilly, which means that a man must do something whether he wishes to or no.

Richard Grant White concludes his illuminating chapter on "Shall and Will" with the following comforting paragraph: "Let us, then, should we make a slip, possess our souls in patience and not bewail ourselves that we are utterly lost to English idiom. For he must be an insufficiently informed critic of English literature who does not know that even the most thoroughbred English writers themselves have not always been able to use *shall* and *will,* and particularly *should* and *would,* without some shilly-shallying between them."

I began this article with the intention of saying something about Richard Grant White and his delightful books on literary expression—in which, by the way, he denounces English grammar as a wholly useless pseudo-science. But, having been unexpectedly diverted into the paths of physiology, I must leave him for another week.

The Prince Who Would Sell Fords

By WOODHULL HAY

A pen portrait of a potentate who died for orthodoxy

ONE of the greatest of Indian potentates is dead. The circumstances attending his death disclosed that in the short space of a few days the sublime principle of Hinduism had waged a vital conflict of the utmost significance with two of the most powerful forces of the West, science and law. The first adversary it overcame, for the Prince preferred to die adhering to the faith of his fathers, which forbade the simple operation necessary to save his life; but to the second it succumbed, for the orthodox rite of the funeral pyre was denied by the French law.

The first picture that came to my mind was that of the famous Château de Madrid, the scene of these tragic events, for on my way back from India only a few months ago I myself had danced in the very ballroom whence the gay music of the revelers rose and mingled with the mournful dirges chanted by the Brahman priests around the body of their sovereign in the death chamber above. But the second picture, far more vivid, and one that stirred the deepest chords of my emotion, was of the Maharajah himself, the living large-souled man of profound human kindness as I knew him in his great white palace at Gwalior.

I can see him now as he first greeted us. It was in the early morning, and he had just returned from his customary ride, dressed in correct English habit—tweed jacket, white corduroy breeches, and tan leather boots—with his hair and

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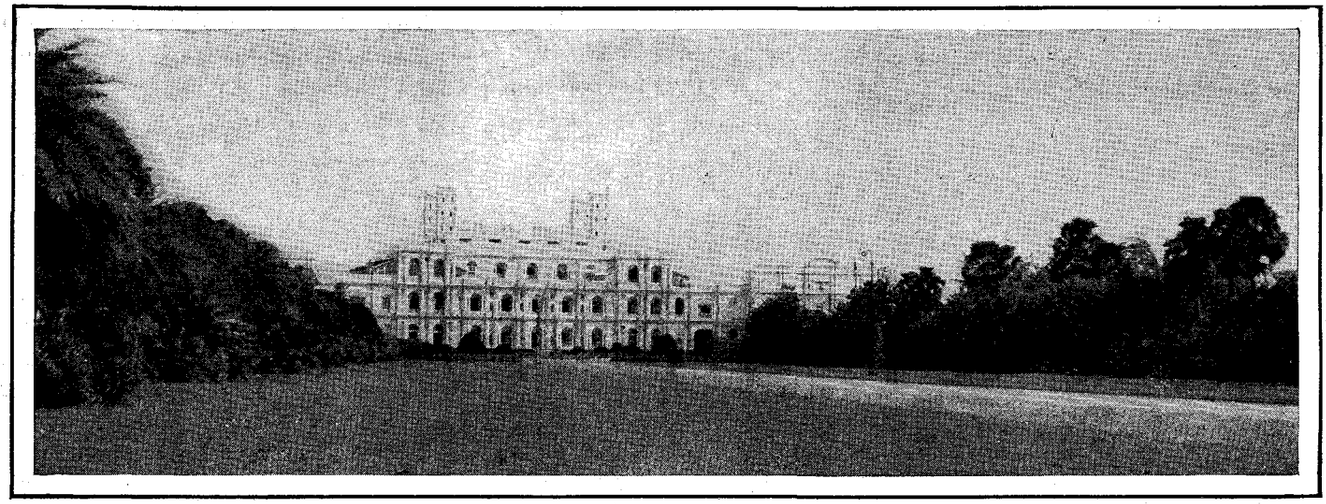

" Through the many open doors we could look directly upon the broad lawn and driveway leading to the palace through borders of well-kept tall trees "

mustache awry, and still wiping the moisture from his head and neck. He was glowing with vitality and beaming with the good humor his exercise had aroused. Two plain gold rings on his little fingers were the only jewelry he wore. Except for the brown hue of his skin, his appearance was that of a highly cultured European—intelligent, alert eyes, a small mustache, close-cropped hair, and finely cut features. But there was one unmistakably Indian mark—the short tuft of hair at the crown of the head, left uncut by Hindus, it is said, so the gods may pull them up into heaven when they die.

He was surrounded by none of the Oriental trappings that we are taught to expect from stories in the "Arabian Nights." We did not sit on silk cushions, but on British chairs; there were no slaves waving palm leaves, but the air was cooled by electric fans made in the United States of America. He was alone with us in a simple room tastefully fitted after the Western fashion. Through the many open doors we could look directly upon the broad lawn and driveway leading to the palace through borders of well-kept tall trees. The room itself was tiled with white marble; in the panels were small photographs representing his Highness and his friends with game that they had killed.

The setting might well have been that of an English manor house. It was difficult to realize that we were talking with one of the most powerful princes in the East, one who ruled over an area larger than West Virginia but with more than 3,000,000 subjects. He controlled an annual revenue of $66,000,000, and his personal fortune has been estimated at $300,000,000. But there he sat, sipping a lime squash and joining merrily in every bit of pleasantry that passed. His conversation was open and even chatty, but his words disclosed keen insight into large affairs. We were interesting him in assuming the agency for the Ford for his state, and his vision immediately expanded. He talked of building a huge assembly plant and distributing the cars throughout the whole of central India. He would have the premier showroom in the country, one that would attract his friends, the other ruling chiefs with whom he sat in the Chamber of Princes at Delhi.

"Ah, yes, your Highness," I interposed; "but how will you supply one of the elemental factors that Henry Ford has found essential to producing sales—the incentive to make money?"

With that his eyes twinkled and he burst into an excessive fit of laughter, from which he recovered only by stuffing his handkerchief into his mouth. It was in vain that we endeavored to play the part of statuesque butlers, for who can resist the contagious smile of a cordial host? So he ordered more lime squashes and cigarettes.

What manner of man was this of such strange contrasts? The better I knew him, the more I wondered and admired. On the one hand he was a man of hobbies. He showed us with great pride a contrivance he had rigged on his dining-table, which was fully seventy-five feet long. A miniature track was laid around the entire board, on which ran with electrical power a tiny locomotive and train of cars, all of silver, laden with food and drink and stopping automatically at intervals for each guest to help himself. Imagine the astonishment and pleasure of his friends as they were served by this mysterious carrier. In his personal garage, one of the finest in India, I counted over thirty cars, representing the supreme products of America and Europe.

His Highness was also a keen photographer, particularly of moving pictures, and had installed his own cinema apparatus in his private railway coach. Just at the moment, he told us, he was "going in for" fast boats; he had found a stretch of seventy-four miles of good water on one of his rivers, and was as pleased as a boy with the speed he attained in his power boats and hydroplanes. Also he was a serious sportsman, an enthusiastic hunter of big as well as small game, and a player of cricket and polo.

But he did not neglect his public duties. He studied engineering and applied it in utilizing water power in his state for electric energy. He greatly improved his railway and agricultural equipment and constructed works for irrigation and sanitation.

Underlying his open simplicity of speech and manner, his Highness possessed a deep pride in his religion and lineage. Gwalior was founded in the sixth century, and the strategic importance of her great fortress, called the "Pearl in the Necklace of the Castles of Hind," has made her the scene of unnumbered assaults for her possession. She has been a vassal state and a sovereign state; she has paid tribute to her Hindu, her Mohammedan, and her Christian masters, and to-day she claims it from other chiefs who owe her allegiance. The Mogul emperors used her as a state prison, and it was from her hidden treasure-house that the famous Kohinoor diamond first passed from the possession of the Hindu rulers to that of the Mogul, being given by the widows of the deceased chief to Prince Humayun

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in return for his protection. Now Gwalior holds the distinction of being in direct political relation with the Government at Delhi instead of having to deal through an appointed Agent, and her chiefs are entitled to a salute of twenty-one guns, than which there is none greater except that due to members of the British royal family.

Golf and the Growing Boy

By CHARLES K. TAYLOR

In which a student of boys shows that they can have too much of a good thing

IT is no longer necessary, at this late day, to make any apology or defense for golf. For the mature man—the office man in particular—it has come as a very real godsend, because its fascination will get him out into the open as few other interests can. And because it requires no continuous violent exertion one can play according to one's inclinations and physical stamina. This concerns the physical side alone. The high degree of concentration and co-ordination necessary for good golf playing furnishes a most excellent mental recreation from the duties that make up the burden of the day.

When the growing boy comes into the picture, other considerations arise. For, after all, the boy is not a man—not even a miniature man—and a kind of training and environment excellent for a man may not be so overwhelmingly beneficial for a boy. Let us see.

First of all, on the physical side, we must remember that it is a body-twisting exertion—all in one direction. With a grown man this would not make much difference. A growing boy, however, is very flexible and greatly influenced by his exercises, which strongly affect his muscular development and his posture. This one-sided exercise, then—always in the same direction—seems very likely to produce a kind of lopsided development. A golf-playing boy may seem to have an even body development, and his spine, relaxed, may seem straight enough. But let him put both hands behind his head and press his head backward and his hands forward as hard as he can, and then, most likely, you will see the right shoulder go down, the left up, and the spine form a curve; for the body and shoulder muscles are unevenly developed because the swing of the golf club is always in one direction, requiring a body and shoulder twist in that direction, with no compensating movement in the opposite direction.

On the physical side alone, then, much golf playing is apt to give a boy an uneven body development, and perhaps a kind of spinal curvature for that reason.

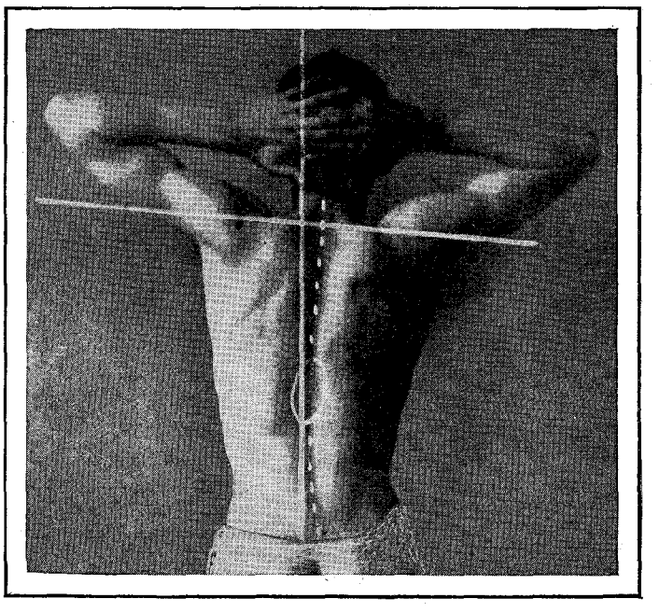
Then there is the social side; and this, if anything, is more important even than the physical. Here we have a game in which boys may play almost on even terms with men, and at the same time with men and observed by men. A boy who plays at all well is bound to gain the commendation and even flattery of men. The tendency, therefore, is to encourage the boy away from the normal sports of boyhood—the fine co-operative combat sports, which mean so much—to a non-combative game, an individualistic game, played in the society of men rather than of boys.

Finally, we have something on the character side. Sports form for a boy one of the finest and strongest character-developing influences. And of all boyish sports the co-operative sports are the best—the sports in which the boy acts as a member of a team, each member sinking his own individual impulses and desires for the benefit of the team as a whole. Civilization itself, let alone individual success and happiness, is dependent very largely on team-work. Here, then, we have one of the fine qualities brought to a boy by football and baseball, let us say. And besides the team experience, football brings out physical courage to a high degree and baseball requires an almost instant co-ordination of mind and body that is simply invaluable. Not only so, but the exercise involved in these two sports tends to give a boy a rugged physique and a well-trained one.

This kind of training—in team-work and so on—the grown man does not need. Not only so, but the only time the individual is physically able to enjoy and to benefit from the fiercely combat type of game is during boyhood and young manhood. The older man gains in endurance, but to some extent loses the capacity for such strenuous exercise, and the likelihood of being benefited by it.

A little golf is another matter. We are discussing only the boy who plays a great deal of golf during his growing years. It seems safe to suggest that during these years this invaluable man's game should be played with real moderation. For it is a man's game—typically a man's; and what in this case is an invaluable recreation and sport for a man too frequently becomes a definite obsession with a boy, causing him to adopt adult mannerisms, and even to lose the understanding and close friendship of those of his age.

If a boy is to play golf, then, let him do so in real moderation and, if possible, in the society of his boy friends, and not in the adult environment of the usual golf club.



Back of a golf-playing boy with muscles made tense, showing how the one-directional exercise develops one side more than the other

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Air Power—the Myth and the Reality

By JOSEPH STRAUSS

Rear-Admiral United States Navy

A trenchant discussion of the possibility of controlling the air

OUT of all of the claims and counter-claims in the battleship *versus* airplane controversy, the phrase "control of the air" constantly recurs. Although the expression has become current, no one seems to be able to define it; not even those who demand it as an essential for the defense of the country. There is such a thing as "control of the sea." The Allies obtained it in the World War, although it was decidedly modified by enemy submarines until the convoy system was adopted, when it became practically complete. Control of the sea involves the ability to communicate by ships on this highway between all coasts, unhampered by the enemy; to transport men and munitions; to dispose of the surplus of farm and factory, and to receive supplies and raw material from distant shores; and to prevent the enemy from doing these things. Presumably, control of the air means the same thing accomplished by aircraft, but there is a vital difference between ships and airplanes. A ship may voyage ten thousand or twenty thousand miles entirely on the resources she carries within her; she may transport for that distance a regiment of men with all their belongings. No airplane in existence to-day can fly across the Atlantic with any burden save the barest necessities for the accomplishment of the journey. It can carry no weapons or surplus men; it must take the shortest route; and this is the condition six years after Alcock and Brown flew from Newfoundland to Ireland and Lieutenant-Commander Reed, in a seaplane, crossed the Atlantic with one stop at the Azores.

Control of the air, then, can only be local. That is to say, an airplane when manned and armed for offense and defense can only fly a few hundred miles from its base, which must be on land or a ship especially constructed so that the airplane can fly off from her deck and return to it. The side that has the greatest air force within the area that can be covered by such flights controls the air there, and nowhere else. This limits the controlled area to a comparatively narrow zone bounding the shores of our land possessions and similar narrow areas of which the aircraft carriers are the centers. By international agreement we are limited in the number of aircraft carriers of large size that we may build to a total of 135,000 tons. They will afford bases for perhaps three hundred and fifty airplanes altogether. We may build 10,000-ton carriers without limit in numbers, but whether or not such small ships will be efficient carriers is a question. The airplane carrier is a fragile vessel of great speed with but little armor and few guns. It must depend on its speed to evade battle with armed ships, but the heavily armed light cruisers may be fast enough to overtake it. The carrier, then, must try to overcome the cruiser with bombs dropped from its own airplanes, and will in turn be assailed by the guns of its adversary. Let us suppose a cruiser armed with eight 8-inch guns firing at a range of 20,000 yards—10 sea miles; she will deliver thirty or forty missiles at her enemy every minute, and if we ascribe to her shooting the modest rate of hitting of three per cent the carrier will be struck every minute with an explosive shell which penetrates and explodes in the interior. The wreckage caused by such an explosion must be seen to be appreciated. But the aircraft carrier is most vulnerable in her decks. These must afford a great area of smooth surface, and upon receiving any considerable wound the ship ceases to function for the purpose for which she was built.

A bombing airplane is heavily loaded, slow, and clumsy, and is therefore a prey to the more agile, light pursuit planes, besides affording an easy target for anti-aircraft gun-fire. It must seek high altitudes for its work to avoid, as much as possible, both menaces. It is agreed that it should operate at a height of from 10,000 to 14,000 feet. That means that its bombs will require twenty-five or thirty seconds to reach the target. If the cruiser is steaming at thirty knots, it will have changed its position as much as fifteen hundred feet from the time the bomb is dropped before it reaches the surface of the sea. If the cruiser zigzags in its course, it will readily be seen how difficult it will be to make a hit. So far as is known, only two moving ships have been bombed by airplanes. Eighty dummy bombs were dropped on the Iowa as a target. This ship was steaming at only six and one-half knots and the bombing planes were at a height of 4,000 feet, yet only two hits were recorded. The British ship Agamemnon was bombed at a height of from 5,000 to 12,000 feet in one test. She was steaming at a speed of about twelve knots. One hundred and fourteen bombs were dropped without making a single hit.

The public has been shown many photographs of the destructive effect on ships of airplane bombing. All of these pictures relate to anchored ships that were bombed from heights so low as to be forbidden in war. The sinking of the ex-German ship Ostfriesland is most frequently cited as an example of the effectiveness of air attack against ships. It is not perhaps generally known that this old, leaky, and unresisting war-ship survived twenty-two hours after the bombing was commenced before she sank. The effort to sink her extended over two days. At first there was a delay of three and one-half hours on account of the weather, and then the wearisome process of bombing proceeded through parts of two days, when finally, as a result of all of the accumulated damage, she sank. Had the ship been manned, with power on board to keep pumps going, there is little doubt that she would have survived and withstood a lot more of the bombing.

There is one function of the airplane that makes it of tremendous importance in a naval engagement, and that is its ability to direct the fire of the guns at long ranges. It has changed the battle range to such an extent that good shooting can be accomplished at 25,000 or more yards. It is this fact that so handicaps guns that may only be elevated to 20,000 or 21,000 yards as to render them practically useless against ships whose guns may be elevated to a range of 30,000 yards. To be useful, therefore, the guns must be capable of long range, and control of the air over the battle area is essential to winning the battle. A lesser but very important part to be played by aircraft in naval warfare is to scout for the fleet, and thus to permit the disposition of the ships to the best advantage prior to the encounter with the enemy.

In considering the defense of the country we may only take account of the implements of warfare as they exist to-day or are assured to us in the immediate

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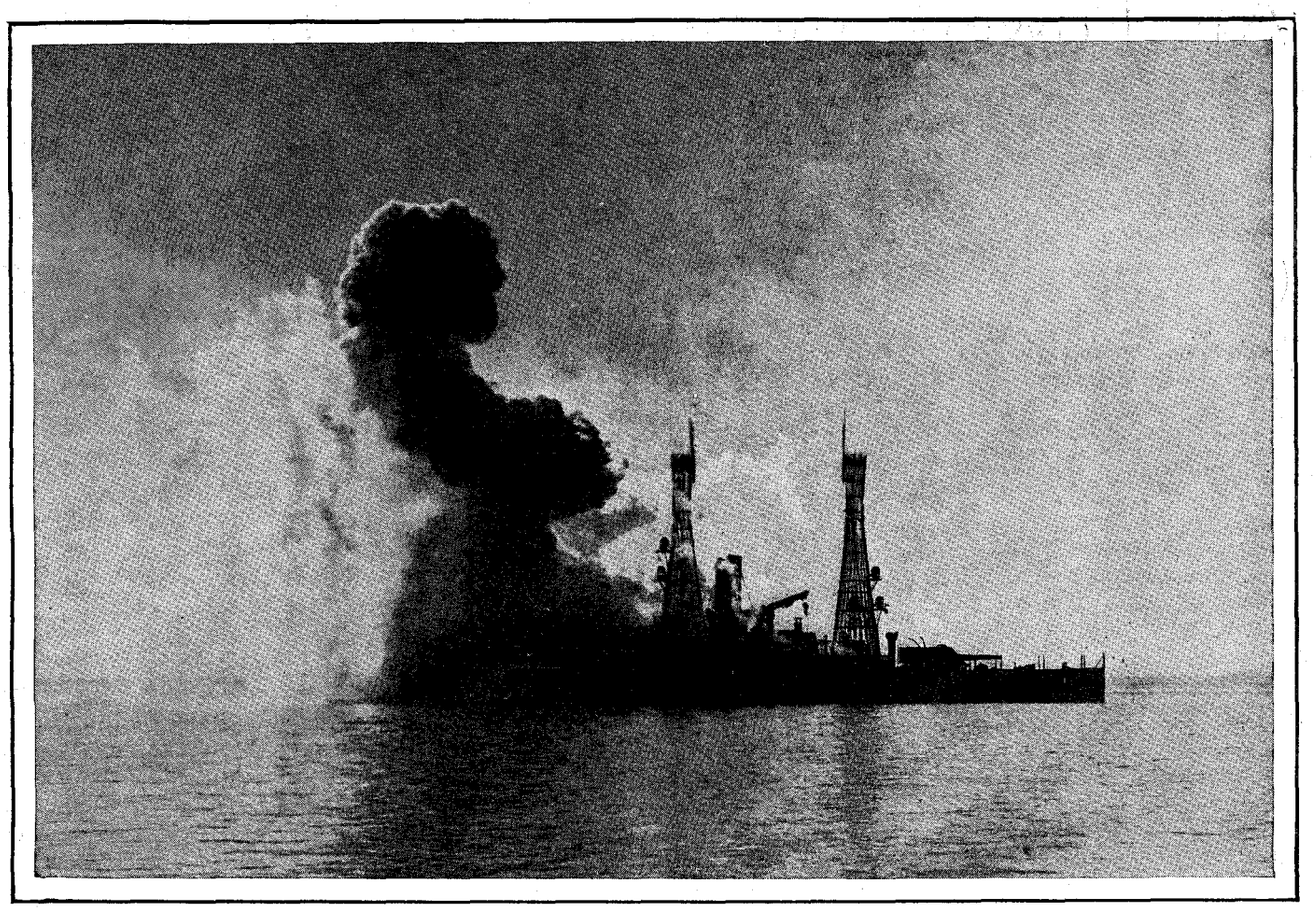

Wide World Photos

Target practice on the obsolete battleship Alabama

future. The advent of mechanical flying has given rise to all sorts of wild predictions as to the future of aircraft. Over 190,000 airplanes were built in the World War, yet their part in that struggle was comparatively insignificant. If we take the progress in aircraft design in the five years succeeding the war as a measure of what may be accomplished in the future, no great progress is promised. Reed flew 1,300 miles to the Azores, and had 400 miles of fuel remaining in the tanks of the NC-4. Five years later the longest lap accomplished in the much-talked-of round-the-world flight only amounted to 900 miles, with no great amount of fuel left. The best scientific estimate we can get limits further improvement in performance of heavier-than-air flying to thirty per cent unless some superior material for their construction is discovered or some new form of energy is developed. And to reach this degree of improvement will require many years of patient and costly effort.

The steam-engine has done more to alter civilization than any other invention; yet the steam-engine of Watt was almost exactly the steam-engine of a hundred years later.

One of the errors that the public has fallen into is that of cost. It has been frequently stated that a $10,000 airplane can sink a $30,000,000 battleship, and then follows the conclusion that a few such airplanes will take the place of a fleet costing many hundreds of millions. A bombing airplane, as a matter of fact, costs $40,000, and if we have three of them we can only count upon one being in constant use. That brings the cost per operating plane up to $120,000. In the somewhat futile bombing of the Ostfriesland 52 planes were employed. Our new airplane carriers now being built will carry 78, only 32 of which are to be bombers. The total cost of each carrier equipped ready for war will be over $44,000,000.

But that cost is but the beginning. The British Parliamentary Navy Secretary reports as follows concerning the maintenance cost:

> The cost of each airplane and pilot per annum carried in an aircraft carrier in peace time, spreading the whole annual cost of the carrier over the number of aircraft carried, and allowing for interest on first cost and replacement of aircraft for their allotted life, and interest on first cost and replacement of aircraft carriers after twenty years, with all the incidental charges of pay allowances, victualing, stores, fuel, repairs, and liability in regard to retired pay and pensions, is approximately £20,900.

At the current rates of exchange, this amounts to *$100,000 per annum for each airplane* carried on a carrier, which means that each of our carriers involves an annual expenditure of about $7,500,000. And the carrier can only be dispensed with when the airplane, loaded for war, is capable of flying across the Atlantic or Pacific. The most enthusiastic engineers engaged in the design and study of aircraft hold out no hope that that day will ever arrive.

The airplane can never be a carrier of heavy freight. That statement is based on immutable facts. We will always be compelled to send our wheat and cotton and coal abroad in ships, and tin and nickel and rubber will always reach us in ships. While we can live without these exchanges, the economic distress caused by their interruption might be almost as serious as that caused by invasion. Battleships and cruisers and submarines, as well as aircraft, are all essential to defending us against both catastrophes.

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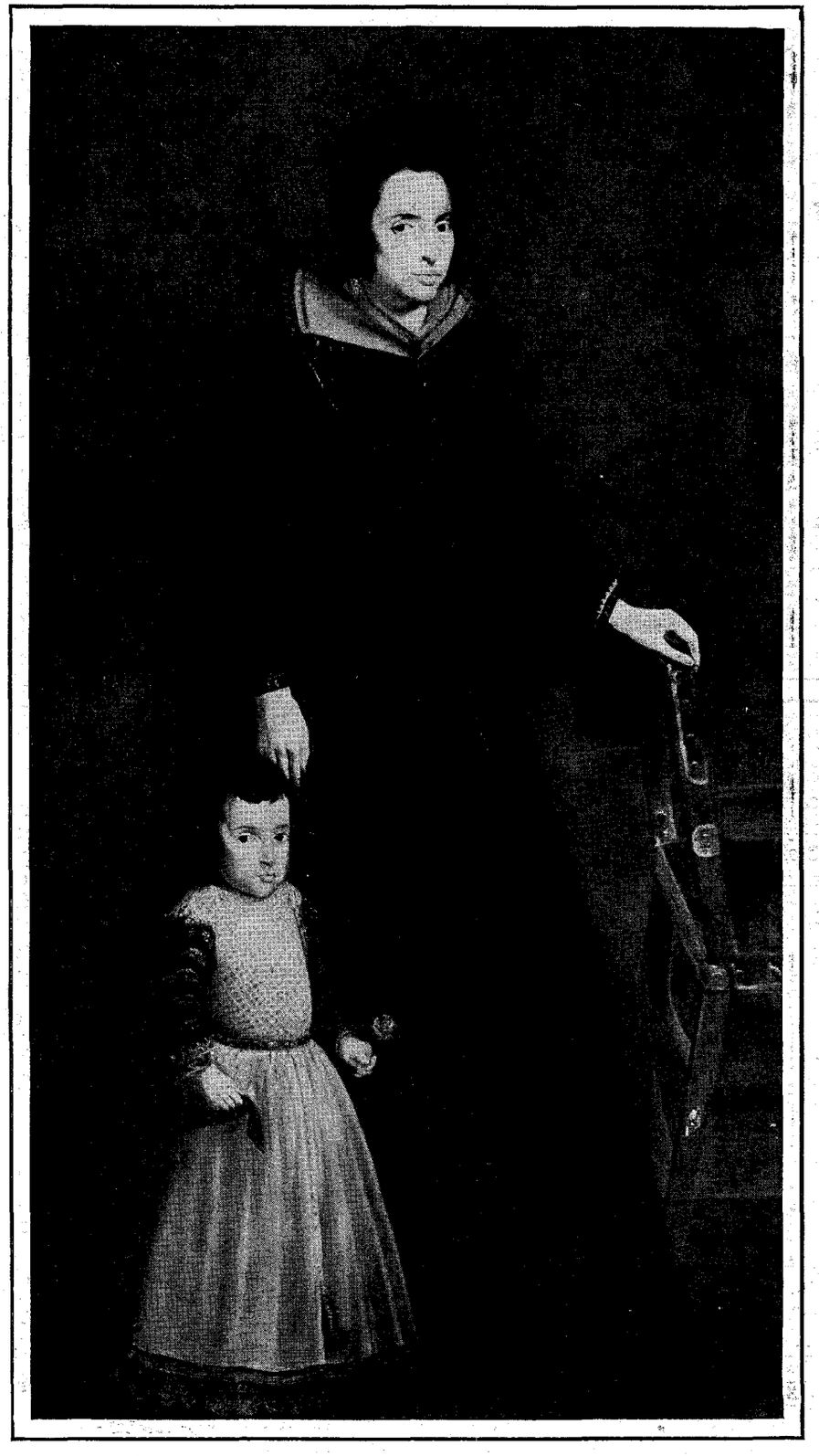

The distinguished Spanish artist Señor Don José Moya del Pino has come to America with a group of portraits which includes copies of famous paintings by Velasquez as well as his own original work. Among the copies of the work of Velasquez are representations of the paintings in the Salon de Velasquez at the Prado in Madrid. On

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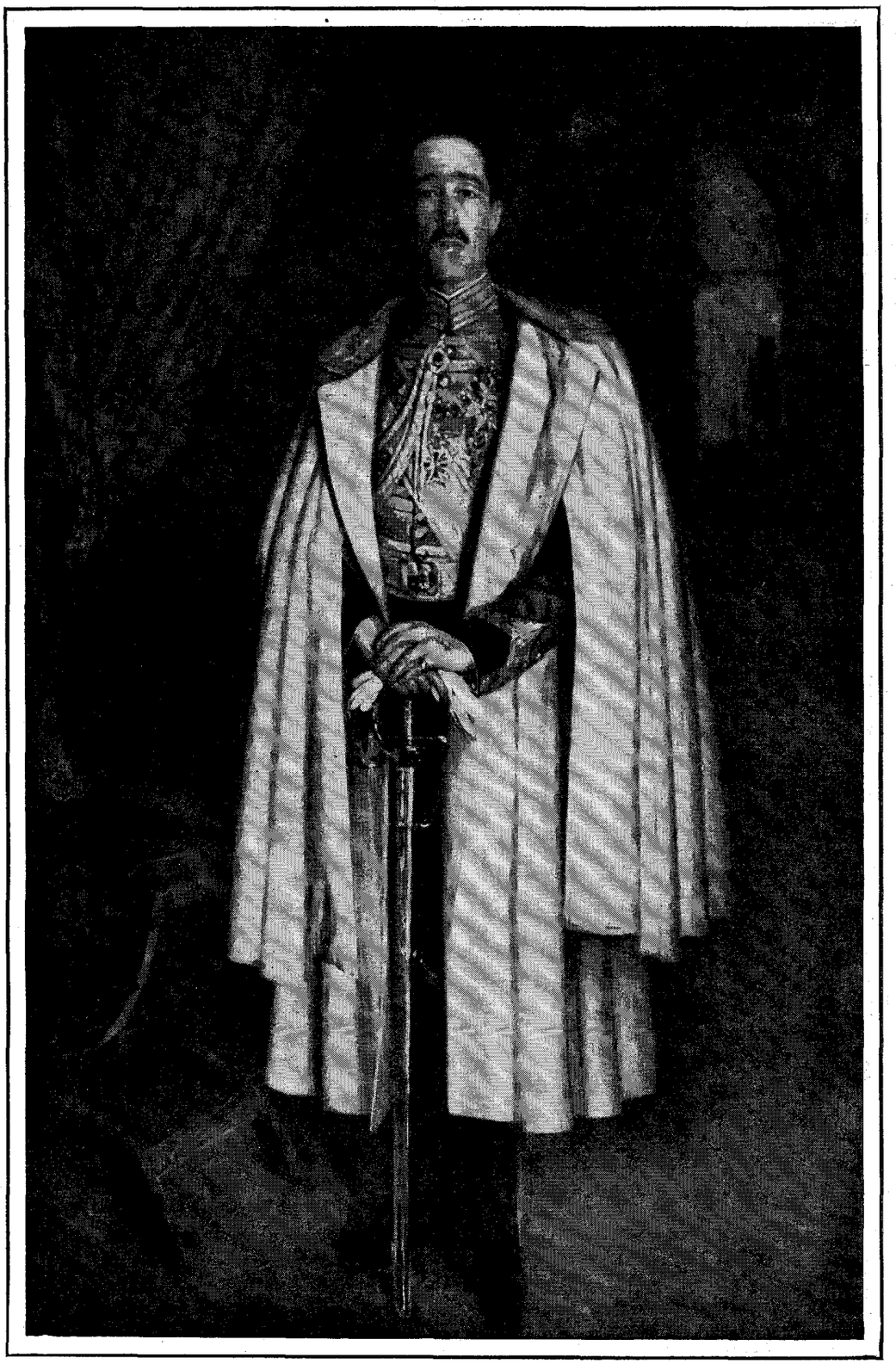
Old Spain



these pages are reproduced Señor Don José Moya del Pino's copy of Velasquez's portrait of Doña Antonia Ypenarrietary Galdos and his own original portrait of the present Duke of Alba. The exhibition is now being shown in New York. It will later be displayed in Boston and other large cities of the United States and South America

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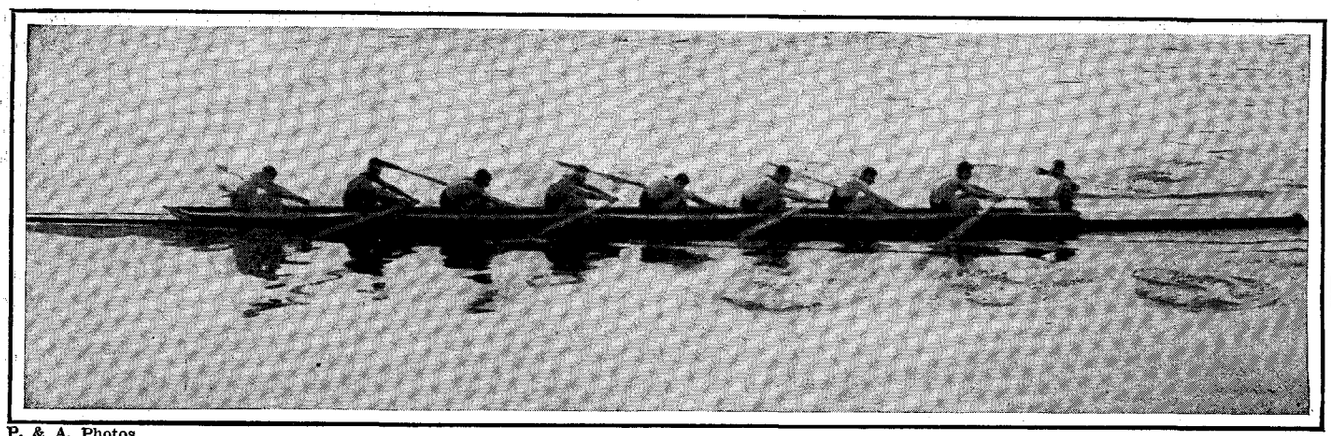

P. & A. Photos

The Navy wins the American Henley at Philadelphia

The Choice of Time and Tide

By JAMES A. TEN EYCK

In which a veteran coach explains why impatient onlookers at college regattas are frequently broiled in the sun

IT is an old adage and a true one which says that time and tide wait for no man, but the people who have to do with setting the time for boat races have been known to forget, or perhaps, if not really to forget, at least to fail to take into consideration that tides, like the stock market, are subject to fluctuation.

Inasmuch as the Intercollegiate Regatta is to remain for the present, at least, upon a tide-water course, a few words about tidal conditions may not come amiss.

Of course everybody is supposed to know that the tide floods six hours and ebbs six hours. On the Poughkeepsie course the races are rowed on the ebb tide. There is a certain time in the ebb when it reaches its greatest velocity, technically called "the strength of the tide," and it is at this "psychological moment" that the varsity race is supposed to be rowed. But a man sitting at a roll-top desk one hundred miles away from the course cannot tell a year beforehand just what tidal conditions will be at a certain hour on a certain day.

Oh, yes, I know what you are saying: "There is the tide table made out by Government officials." I know all about tide tables. I lived by and on the Hudson for forty years, and a man who has wrested his living from the river, boy and man, comes pretty nearly knowing what he is talking about in the matter of tides. The tide tables are sufficiently accurate for a guide, but you can't tell to a nicety by them at just what hour a race should be started until, at earliest, three days before the race.

The thing I would condemn is this setting of the hour of the race too long a time in advance of race day, and, if the "gentle reader" will bear with me a moment, I think I can make my point clear. It is all right to set the day—that can be determined easily enough; but the hour is a more precarious problem. One needs to be on the course studying conditions before he can tell to a nicety what hour of starting will be fair for all contestants.

There are several forces which have a tendency to influence the tides. Hard rains bringing freshets from up country cause what river men call "crazy tides." These are most frequent in early spring, but they have been known in summer. Then the wind affects the tide. A strong southerly wind might make considerable fluctuation in the condition of the ebb. To be sure, these variations would interfere slightly, or not at all, with the navigation of a thousand-ton vessel, but in the navigation of a racing shell weighing three hundred pounds or less the problem is a critical one.

Then, too, the number of crews competing should always be considered, as the tide, even at its strength, runs in streaks. Just sit down on the bank some day and watch a block of wood or a berry crate floating on the river. Here inshore the object moves down very slowly, but twenty-five yards out its progress is noticeably increased, while out another fifty yards its velocity is still greater. Now suppose you saw a block floating down in the middle of the river and one floating up inshore. What would you infer? Why, to be sure, that out there in the center of the river the tide was still running down, while inshore it was making up. Of course at the strength of the ebb and in the center of the river these tide streaks are as nearly nil as one ever finds them, but, as I said before, abnormal conditions may prevail which cannot long be foretold.

The shape of the shore also influences the tide to a certain degree. One day last fall I rowed from Stony Point to West Point on the ebb tide, and still had the flood with me almost all the way! I know this sounds paradoxical. A friend of mine to whom I told the experience used a more picturesque and profane term, but any riverman would understand. All I did was to take advantage of all the points and elbows and curves which the shore afforded, and, while the tide was at ebb in the center of the river, the flood was beginning to make inshore, and in every little sheltered nook I found a little flood eddy, which I carefully nursed, so that only in rounding the sharp bends did I have to buck the ebb at all.

Now as to the Poughkeepsie races. Here is an event for which crews have been for five months in preparation. Why go to work and handicap a crew which has a chance to win so that it comes in a poor last? This thing can, and has, happened on tide-water courses. One good crew (using the term "good" in its truest sense) can't beat another good crew any great distance.

In 1916 five crews finished the four-mile race at Poughkeepsie, each lapped upon the crew ahead. This race was rowed under almost ideal tidal conditions. But on another occasion the officials were obliged to change the day, but

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failed to change the hour, with the result that the crew which had won the year before, and undoubtedly was a stronger crew than it had been the previous year, was beaten by almost twenty boat lengths, it having started from an inshore position, where the tide had slacked considerably, while the winning crew was out in the center of the river, where the strength of the remaining ebb still held. The inference is very plain, as you see one crew is assisted by the elements, while another is retarded by them. Or, to use a homely illustration, you get on the railway train and ride to New York in seven hours; how long would it take you to walk it? The more tide you have with you in a boat race, the faster you can go.

As I said before, a tide-water course is almost never fair for all competing crews, but, since there is a time when the course is comparatively fair for all, let us select that time for the race.

I have made this suggestion before, and I wish to make it again and still again. Set the day as long before as needful for all purposes, but do not set the hour till, at earliest, three days before the race. An hour or two more or less to the spectators can make little difference, while it may make all the difference between victory and defeat for the crews. Let the hour of starting be left to the coaches, who have been on the course for many days. Surely none of the coaches would handicap his crews, and nobody could be more interested in a fair start than they. *After they have agreed upon the hour, then draw for positions,* so that time and tide, at least, may not act as handicaps.

Civil War Memories

By Lida Welsh Bender

I WAS a sixteen-year-old girl when the quiet little town of Gettysburg had greatness thrust upon it with a roar and clash that made the encircling hills tremble. We dwellers in Waynesboro, another small town, little more than a score of miles distant, knew nothing of the terrible three days' conflict until it was over. The intervening Blue Ridge Mountains intercepted the sound and, being within the enemy's lines, we were cut off from all outside communcation. But we had known many of war's alarms, and we were to witness for many days the tragic aftermath of the battle.

In the more than threescore years that have passed our unpretentious village has grown into a thriving manufacturing town and I, then a girl of sixteen years, into a gray-haired great-grandmother; yet to me the recollections of that far-off time are more distinct than those of a year ago.

We were twenty miles from the Potomac River and two and a half north of the Mason and Dixon Line, and from the time that war was declared a rumor that the Confederates were crossing the Potomac would bring through our town hundreds of refugees from Maryland. Sometimes at night we would be awakened by the rumble of wagons and the clatter of horses' feet on the stony streets. Not only colored people, but farmers from our own vicinity would flee with their horses and cattle, and even household goods and farm implements, the Negroes bound for the Northern States and freedom and the farmers for some remote and almost inaccessible place on the mountain. In a few weeks the farmers would return to their neglected fields, half starved and tired out, to find that the enemy had not crossed the river, after all. The newly invented verb "skedaddle" forced itself into our vocabulary at that time and was immediately put to hard usage, as no word in the dictionary expressed half so well this helter-skelter rout of an army of noncombatants.

Other better-authenticated words came into common use at the same time, many of them in strange forms. An old neighbor informed us that her son was coming home from the army "on a furlong or a padroll or some other outlandish thing." Later she asked for some blue cloth, saying her boy's haversack was out at the elbows. She confessed that the new words "befuddled her."

When we expected a visit from our neighbors across the border, we laid in large quantities of provisions, not for hospitality's sake, but for fear our stores would be looted. We also concealed small articles of value in cunningly contrived pockets and carried them about with us for weeks. We buried silverware and clothing in our gardens, and some persons, to make the hiding-place more secure, planted cabbages over them. The plants grew beautifully. We might have spared ourselves our pains; General Stuart made his memorable cavalry raid through the Cumberland Valley and, ignoring our town, recrossed the river. Then we disinterred our buried treasures, much the worse for a heavy rain, and regretted that we had not left them in their accustomed places.

THE summer of 1862 passed and September was half gone when, on a bright Sunday noon, at the close of services in the churches, we noticed groups of excited people, on street corners and in front of hotels and in other public places. When we asked the cause of the excitement, they whispered, "Listen!" and for the first time we heard the sound of battle. The two armies had met on the rocky ledges of South Mountain, only eighteen miles distant.

ON Monday a number of the young girls canvassed the town for hospital supplies, and that evening, with older women, we met to prepare them for use. Every detail of that scene is distinct—the low-ceiled, unfurnished room, the only light a few tallow candles, a large clothes-basket in the center, and round about a circle of girls, each with a pine shingle, a knife, and a lapful of pieces of old linen tablecloths, towels, and napkins which we were scraping into lint. Back of us the older women were making neat rolls of strips of old soft muslin for bandages.

Suddenly above the scrape, scrape, scrape, of the knives, the swish of tearing muslin, and the low murmur of voices a woman's shrill scream rang out on the night air. Terrified, we dropped our work and ran out to the sidewalk. It was a mother's cry for her boy, who had been killed the day before, only eighteen miles from home. That night I felt the horror of war. The dead soldier was a cousin with whom I had been very closely associated all my life.

Only a few days later we heard again the noise of battle and felt the ground tremble with the terrific concussion. This time the fighting was at Antietam, only twenty miles distant, with no intervening mountains to deaden the sound. How fearfully we listened hour after hour! In the 126th Pennsylvania Regiment were many of our town men and boys, among them my two brothers, two uncles, and a cousin. We had every reason to think that they were among the troops engaged, and we looked at one

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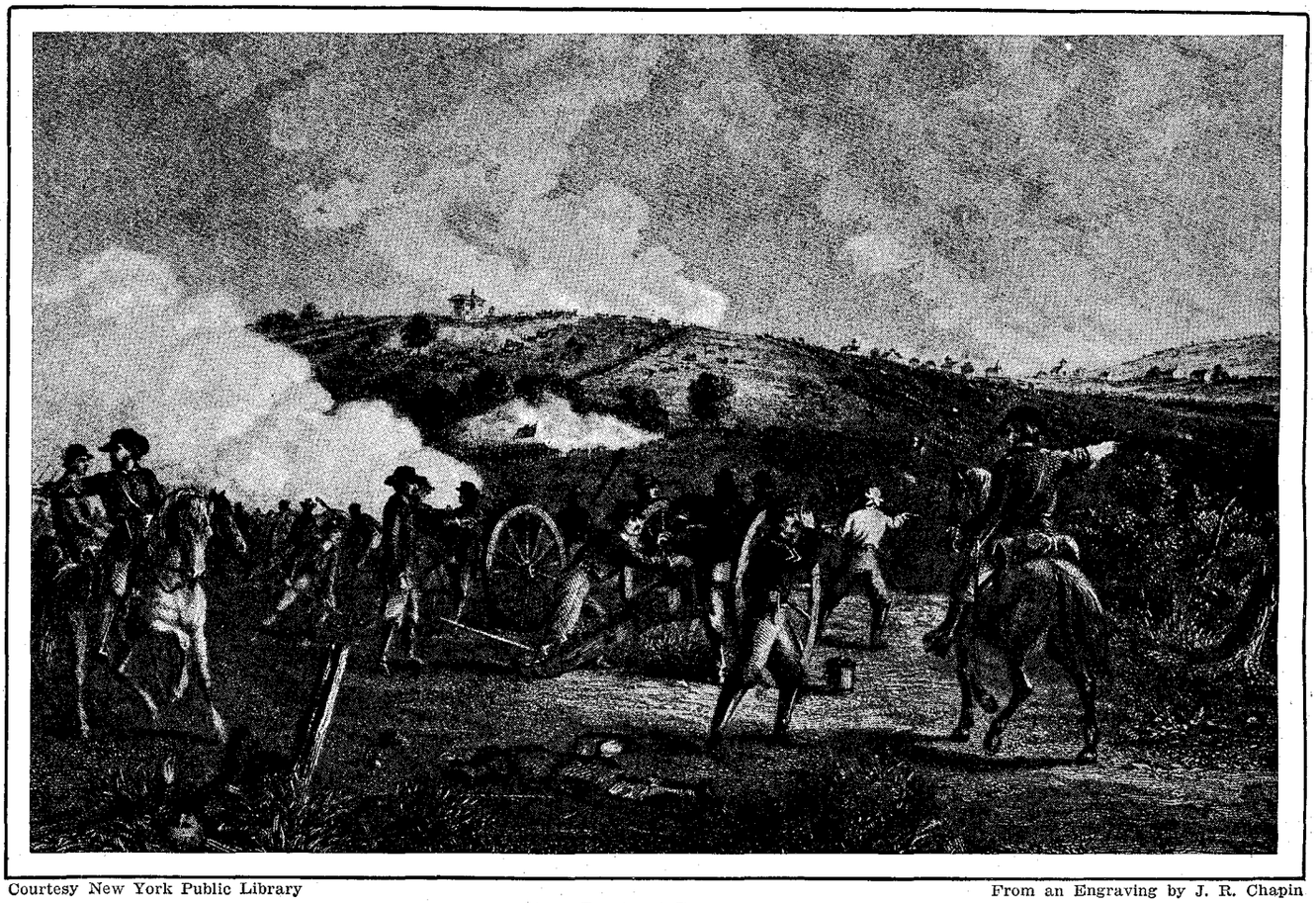

Courtesy New York Public Library

From an Engraving by J. R. Chapin

The Battle of Gettysburg

another with blanched faces, not daring to express the terror in our hearts. Next day we learned that they had arrived a few hours too late to take part in the engagement and were encamped on the battlefield.

Scores of our townspeople rushed to the scene, and brought back sickening details and gruesome relics of the battle. The troops, after a forced march from Washington without even their usual rations, were exhausted and half starved. At once we gathered wagon-loads of provisions. I remember one night in particular when in my home we worked from dusk until dawn packing barrels and boxes with cooked food, donated by the soldiers' home folks. When we were told how joyfully that food was received and how ravenously devoured, we wept.

Among the many touching incidents this is one I shall never forget. An uncle, the oldest man in the regiment, whom I remember as being extremely bitter against the South, took all of his share of the home-cooked food and gave it to Confederate wounded in a field hospital. It was his boy who had been killed less than a week before by a rebel bullet. Later he himself was wounded fatally at Fredericksburg, Virginia.

During the following winter the line of activities moved farther south, and there was little we could do for our boys. How troubled our hearts were and how we hoped and feared from day to day! It was customary to announce a death by tolling a church bell, and during the war we knew by a double stroke when a soldier had answered his roll-call for the last time. The double stroke sounded pitifully often in those days of strife! The suspense after a battle was torturing; we held our breath as we read the long lists of killed, wounded, and missing. Anxiously we waited each time for a letter. Sometimes it was a long, long wait, because our soldier had written his last letter home.

When spring came again, the same old rumors brought the refugees from across the border. By this time it had become a habit to hide our valuables, and so once more we stowed them away. One Sunday in June Jenkins's cavalry, reconnoitering in advance of Lee's army, made us a hasty visit, but, hearing of Federal troops on the mountain a few miles east of town, scurried back across the border. Again the rumor that a large force of the enemy were crossing the Potomac echoed through our streets, and for a day and night we watched the usual mad rush to get beyond their reach. At last the rumor appeared to be well founded. On June 23, 1863, just before noon, we found our streets swarming with gray-clad men. That which we had so long anticipated with dread had happened, and the enemy was at our gates—indeed, he was within them. At once the town was placed under martial law, a requisition for provisions was made, and some of our returned soldiers and stay-at-homes were ordered to canvass for bread and meat, which in most cases were given very unwillingly.

My father, who had been Burgess, but was promptly deposed, was told by the Provost Marshal that the troops were under complete control and the residents need fear no depredations, as orders had been given that no person or private property should be molested and no houses entered.

"But," he added, "we may be repulsed, and if we have to retreat we may not have complete control. Tell your people, in that case, for their own safety, not to taunt or offer our troops any insult. I advise you also to have all intoxicating liquors put out of reach."

Along the border in those days sectional feeling was very bitter and many families were divided. My mother had one brother with the Confederate army and another brother and two sons with the Union troops. There were many other cases of the same kind. When the first company of cavalry came up our street, a neighbor, a native of Virginia and pastor of one of our churches, was sitting on his porch. The captain of the company dismounted, and the minister

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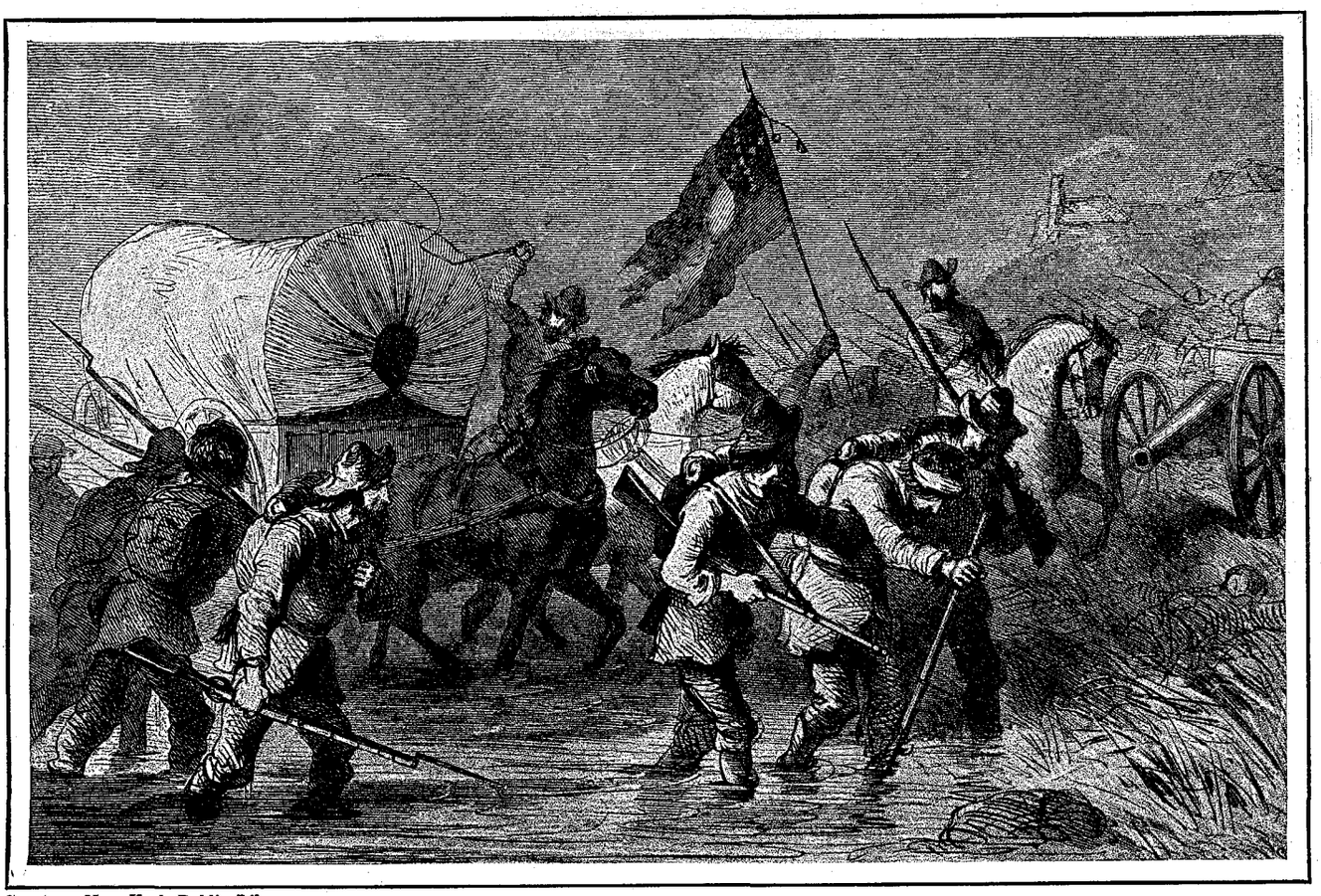

Courtesy New York Public Library

Lee's retreat after the Battle of Gettysburg

rushed to meet him. They were brothers, and they embraced with tears coursing down each face. Others, friends and college mates, dismounted and greeted the minister. At the same time his wife, an ardent Unionist, had shut herself in an upper room and was crying hysterically because of the desecration of Pennsylvania by rebel feet.

In youth one is inclined to notice the brighter side, and it is the more romantic features of the advance of the invading army that linger longest in my memory. The troops under General Lee at this time were said to be "the flower of the Confederate army." They filled the town with their gay music, prancing horses, glittering musical instruments, bayonets and other bright equipment, and their banners—such beautiful banners!—made by mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts in the South. Ah, the tears and sighs, hopes and fears, stitched into their silken folds! One in particular I distinctly remember, a palmetto tree in white embroidered on a large square of shimmering blue silk.

The men all seemed cheerful. They spoke kindly to the children on the porches; no doubt many of them were fathers of little ones. When a two-year-old boy, left alone for a short time, stood on a rocking-chair and rocked with all his tiny strength until the chair moved along to the very edge of the porch, a dozen men broke ranks and rushed to save the little fellow.

A long-legged, long-necked Shanghai rooster that almost lived on the street fearlessly threaded his way between their feet, and occasionally a man would take him up and carry him a few yards until a watchful officer ordered his release. That rooster paraded long after the last gun of the Confederacy was silenced.

A high hat seemed to be a favorite target for their jests:

Hats are so dear and the cows all dead,
So the old man wears the churn on his head,

they would shout. One old gentleman whom I had never known to wear a low hat did so because he got tired of being invited "to come down out of that hat" and being told that they "knew he was in it, for they saw his toes wriggle."

Not only did we observe the visitors, but they observed us—with mixed emotions. As my brother sat on our porch steps an artillery officer dismounted, gave his horse in charge of an orderly, and came across to our porch. After introducing himself—I have forgotten his name and rank—he said that he would like to ask a few questions. Getting my brother's consent, he said: "This is the first Pennsylvania town we have entered, and I am surprised to see so many able-bodied young men on your streets. Is this town a fair sample of the reserve force of the Northern States?"

My brother assured him that it was. He looked very grave for a moment, and then remarked that he could not have heard anything more discouraging.

"Why aren't you in the army?" he asked.

My brother told him of his first enlistment for three months, when it was the general belief that the war would all be over in that time, and of his re-enlistment for nine months. The officer then asked what battles he had been in, and when Fredericksburg was mentioned he said he had been there too, he had commanded one of the batteries on Mary's Hill. My brother told him that he had been with the troops that made the charge on that hill. The officer then remarked, "I've been in many battles, but have never seen the bravery of that charge surpassed."

This conversation always seemed interesting to us because it was said that officers and troops alike were amazed and depressed by the sight of young men working in the fields or at places of business, when in Southern towns no men remained except the very aged or the very young.

The first night after the invasion of

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our town a large number encamped in a field at the end of our street, and we heard hundreds of men's voices join in singing familiar old hymns, and persons living nearer the camp told of hearing the chaplains' voices in prayer.

Never having seen a large body of troops, we were sure the whole invading army was passing our door, and we were surprised to learn that the larger portion had gone north by way of Greencastle and Chambersburg. The steady tramp of the men and the continuous rumble of artillery and heavily loaded wagons over our narrow stony street became almost intolerable, and we were relieved when the last straggling soldier and the last rumbling wagon had vanished over the hill north of town, even though we had every reason to expect a fearful disaster. Anxious, weary days followed. We were within the enemy's lines, cut off from all communication from the outside world, and we did not have the least idea of the location of either army. Whither had the gray-clad troops gone? Where was our army? Where, above all, were our own beloved brothers and cousins and friends?

The New York militia, recruited to check the advance of Lee's army, came along too late to get even a glimpse of the enemy. They had had a hard forced march, were poorly equipped, footsore, and tired. One, I remember, fainted at our door; mother came to his rescue and had two mates carry him into the house. They dumped him into her spare bed without removing his dusty shoes or equipment. They were surprised to find that the invaders had not left a trail of death and destruction behind them.

TEN days passed; then from beyond the mountains came news of the Battle of Gettysburg. Now we had our real experience of the wretchedness and indescribable horrors of war. Almost immediately the defeated army was marching through our main street, all brightness gone, gay music silenced, beautiful banners furled or in tatters, horses exhausted, men worn out, disillusioned, sullen, hurrying to cross the Potomac before being overtaken by the victorious enemy. After them came the sorrowful train of wounded.

Remembering the warning of the officer who had been temporarily in charge of the town, we expected the worst, but, although the soldiers entered stores and took what they could carry away, as a rule private property was not molested. The only exception to the rule was that they helped themselves to hats from citizens' heads and compelled some to sit on horse-blocks or curbs and take off their shoes or boots. One of our neighbors was a very decided Unionist, while his wife, a Virginian, gave her sympathy to the South. A barefoot soldier asked her for shoes, and he was scarcely out of sight with all she could find when her husband came home bareheaded, barefooted, and in a towering rage. He had to go shoeless, for there were no shoes to be had in town for love or money.

We were told that Generals Lee, Longstreet, Early, and others were holding a council in the public square, and several of us, all young girls, went to a near-by street corner to see them. Two young officers left the group in the square and came across to us. They introduced themselves as Captain Lee and Lieutenant Pickett. I asked which of the group was General Lee, and Captain Lee pointed to a sad-faced, weary-looking man on horseback.

"That," he said, "is my Uncle Robert, General Robert E. Lee of the Confederate army."

He then asked if we knew a certain man of our town, and one of the girls answered that he was her father. He took from an inside pocket a small notebook, and from it a few withered flowers.

"I met your sister in Chambersburg when we were advancing," he said. "She asked me if we came to this town to give them to her father. Please tell her that Captain Lee kept his promise."

The flowers were not delivered; the father never saw or even heard of them. At that time he was too sore over the loss of a hat, two pairs of shoes, and his dignity to receive them gracefully, and his daughter wisely did not further excite his wrath.

AS a number of us watched the planting of a battery on a hill about a half-mile distant, at the eastern entrance to the town, an officer, seeing us through his field-glasses, rode down to tell us that they were sorry to have caused us alarm and that they had no intention of shelling the town or injuring any one, they were merely protecting their troops. A beautiful cemetery now occupies that hill, and many of those who watched the planting of that battery have been peacefully sleeping for years under its green sod.

During the retreat an officer brought to my father, who was once more Burgess, three very large pieces of solid silverware—a water-pitcher and tea and coffee urns. They had been found in one of the wagons, and, as his men were under strict orders not to take private property, he wanted, if possible, to have them returned to the owners. An advertisement in a Gettysburg paper was the means of their being claimed by the wife of one of the Faculty of the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg. I still have in my possession a letter written by the owner's husband, saying that the pieces were part of a highly prized heirloom and that the injuries they had received in their rough ride over the mountain gave them a historic interest that made them even more valuable.

Following the long train of able-bodied or only slightly wounded came the procession of army wagons and ambulances with their terrible loads of dead and wounded men. I do not remember how long it was in passing, but it was miles and miles of horror. We could hear the groans and shrieks of agony as the heavy springless wagons jolted over the rough pike, mingled with the shouting and swearing of the drivers as they urged their jaded horses to greater speed—a huge aggregation of agony, despair, and death, hurrying back to the waiting arms of loving mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts.

The last straggler was scarcely out of sight when Union cavalry dashed over the eastern hills and into town. The sight of our own loved Star-Spangled Banner brought glad tears to our eyes, yet we trembled with fear of another battle. Both armies were exhausted, and rested that night, only a few miles apart, and we slept peacefully between the lines. Eventually, Lee succeeded in crossing the Potomac.

That evening all along our sidewalks were groups of soldiers eating their suppers. I can't remember that they had anything but coffee and hardtack, though I suppose they had. When they could get a handful of sticks, they made little fires along the curb to boil their coffee, and we had all the pots and kettles we could muster full of boiling water to help them out. They would come to the door with quart cans half full of ground coffee and brown sugar, and we would fill them up with boiling water.

When General McCausland dashed across the border and applied the torch to Chambersburg, fifteen miles distant, we watched the smoke from a hill north of town.

The events of the closing year of the war are not as clear in my memory as those of which I was an eye-witness. But that day in April, 1865, when the church bells rang out the glad tidings of peace I can never forget. Later, when our boys came home, how we rejoiced and how we wept! So often we had joined in singing that gay little song "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," but oftener we had sung "The Vacant Chair," and in our rejoicing we grieved for our boys whom we should see no more.

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Drinking in the Colleges

By Ernest W. Mandeville

A GENERAL picture of college life does not necessarily apply to all colleges at all times. It certainly does not apply to all men in all colleges. From independent sources we have obtained striking corroboration of the statements in this article. There are encouraging signs that the students themselves are taking steps to remedy the worst of the evil described in this article.—The Editors.

IN this article I shall attempt to show the contrast between the college drinking of ten years ago and the illegal undergraduate tippling of to-day.

Beware, dear readers, of stretching my report to be a true account of each and every American college. I was not familiar with the undergraduate life of all the colleges ten years ago, nor am I to-day. But I was in intimate contact with half a score of Eastern universities at that time, and I have made a comparative study of the same institutions to-day.

It is of what I know that I write. These conditions are true of the colleges under observation in this study. It is quite possible, however, that conditions described here are also typical of other schools.

Three more warnings, and then to business: (1) I shall not disclose the names of the colleges of which I write, for that would direct unfair criticism at these particular institutions, when it is the whole problem that needs consideration. The majority of these colleges are in the northeastern coastal States. All of them are east of the Mississippi River and north of Washington. Conditions may be very different elsewhere. (2) Conditions at the smaller colleges in this drinking problem are different from those at the larger universities, where the fraternal spirit does not enter so much into the life of the students. The experiences on which I base this article come largely from the first class, though three very large universities are among the number included in my study. (3) Remember, too, that for every college drinker there is no doubt a college thinker. There are many students in our universities who have a serious purpose in life and whose character and upbringing keep them from participating in such parties as will be described in this article. The emphasis of this study is put on the worst side of college life. That side exists, and it should be known. But neither all colleges nor all college students can be put under the "all wet" blanket indictment. That would not be true. On the whole, the general tone of undergraduate life is on a higher plane now than it was ten years ago. But this drinking problem is a real one, and that is my present subject.

Ten years ago quite a large percentage of the college boys had an acquaintance with liquor. There were many who drank very little, if at all, but there were an equal number who would get "tight" once or twice each semester and who would spend an evening or two each week around a downtown table where the wine was red and the beer of considerably more than one-half of one per cent alcoholic content.

In those days the drinking was done throughout the week, but the main carousals centered about certain festive athletic victories, hilarious reunions, or week-end trips. Any one who appeared at a fraternity or college dance noticeably under the influence of liquor was frowned upon by the majority, spoken to by the upper-class men, hurried out of the hall, and disciplined by the elder brothers after the party had gone by. Drinking was a college custom among the pleasure-seekers, but it simply was not the thing to do when the young ladies arrived and the best college manners were trotted out. Girls who drank were not considered "nice."

Now circumstances are quite different. I doubt very much if there is as much student attention paid to liquor during the week. But on week-ends and at the dances the tables have been completely turned. Where the boozer used to be frowned upon and his conduct thought unbecoming to a fraternity gentleman, now the reverse is almost true. The brother who does not drink himself into a jovial care-free state is likely to be considered the gloom of the party. Upper-class men no longer frown on the tipsy "stude." They may join him in draining the contents of his hip flask.

And the girls—are they still considered not "nice" if they take a drink? Hardly! It adds to their popularity, and the most house-party bids go to the young lady who is looked upon as a "good sport"—that is, one who will take her turn with the flask and who will join in with the spirit of deviltry that accompanies the successful (in present-day thought) party.

Let me describe to you a type of fraternity-house dance which takes place in some of the smaller colleges. This would not be true of the large formal balls, but the boy who is willing to tell the truth will verify it as a picture of some of the more frequent and intimate fraternity "house dances."

That mothers and fathers never dream that their offspring could be capable of such conduct doesn't affect the fact that young people so live their college years. Parents must come to face the truth whether they like it or not. Here it is:

The party usually starts about nine in the evening, and carries on until 2 A.M., 3 A.M., 4 A.M., and sometimes much later. Automobiles are parked in the lanes around the house. Liquor is brought by nearly every man. Some is carried on the hip, and the rest is left in the car. Between the dances much promiscuous drinking is done. Many boys get drunk, sick, and what not. Hardly without exception some girl or girls (usually the very popular ones) will get intoxicated, and then there is a scene which would shock even the high-steppers of a decade ago.

Many of the girls both drink and smoke. Together with the boys, before the evening is out they have reached the "I don't care" stage. "Dirty" stories are reveled in by both sexes, and the whole show can only be described by the word "rotten."

You can imagine that frequent retreats to the limousines by couples in this condition are not conducive to right behavior. Not all the girls, by any means, drink to a point where they lose control of themselves, but there are usually some who do, and the breakdown of the moral laws gets much of its impetus here.

In some of the colleges these parties have been carried to such extreme limits that a ban has been put on all house parties. In other colleges the more sen-

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sible students and the near-by alumni have called a halt on the rowdyness which was growing beyond all bounds even for those who considered themselves "broad-minded."

Some of the fraternities invite chaperons who "take a drink themselves," and others have done away with the "nuisance" entirely.

I talked to one of the lady chaperons just back from a Junior Week at a Pennsylvania college. She evidently had shown considerable capacity as a drinker herself, and told blandly of affairs with several of the undergraduates. Her husband, she said, was "pie-eyed" from the time they got there until the return. She lost entire track of him, though reports of his conduct came to her which in the old days would have meant a break-up of their marriage. She, apparently, thought nothing of it.

THINGS go on at college dances which never would have been tolerated by any fraternity ten years ago. If you happen in at one of these rowdy "house dances" and wander upstairs after the evening is well begun, you'll find boys and girls in the rooms together—lounging, petting, drinking. You won't see much, because the lights are down and the smoke is too thick, but you'll go out thinking to yourself, "What have things come to?"

The college authorities are aware, of course, that there is some drinking going on at the parties, but they hardly know how to stop it. The boys are too smart to allow them to glimpse any of it personally. They have to let most of it go with the thought, "Boys will be boys." Some frankly state their opposition to student drinking on the ground of the unpleasant publicity that might come out and the injured reputation of the college if things are carried too far. Their attitude seems to be, "Can't stop the boys from drinking, but it won't do to have them do it publicly." Motto: Getting found out is the sin.

At some of the large dances private detectives have been hired to put a stop to the drinking. I know of some of these occasions where the detectives, finding they could not cope with the situation, joined in and got drunk themselves. But for the most part the worst of the open drinking at the larger affairs has been checked. It is now at the smaller "house dances" where things are still wide open.

Now that the larger affairs have been more or less cleaned up, it is only fair to add that the smaller dances will perhaps come in for reform before long. There are indications which point to improving conditions.

Football games out of town come in for serious student-drinking attention. Most of the boys go in cars and drink straight liquor out of the bottle from the time they leave until they return. The open air keeps them from getting overmaudlin.

The boys' liquor supply comes largely from the local saloons or bootleggers. I know of one traveling wine salesman who deals exclusively with university trade. When I saw him, he had just come from an up-State college, where he had sold forty cases.

Gin, usually of a poor quality, is the favorite college drink. There is a drug store located near a large New York university. The proprietors of this store bought it to run as a booze supply station for the students. The drug store fixtures and trade is only a sideline to their main business—booze for boys.

Some students get together, buy alcohol and essence of gin, and make their own. They sell it among their fellows at a splendid profit. I know of one boy (not from very good stock, it is to be admitted) who made $800 from bootlegging during his first year at a Mid-Western university, and now, at the end of his second year, has $4,000 in bank from continuing the same trade. He boasts the fact that he is the "official class bootlegger." The beer drinking of the old days among the college "sports" has gone. Something stronger is required. There is no question in my mind but that more college boys and girls have been drinking to excess since prohibition than at any time in the last fifteen years.

SINCE these articles of mine on prohibition conditions have been coming out I have had many letters assuring me of the truth of the conditions I describe and the non-exaggeration of my reports. One letter in particular bears on the subject of this installment. A girl freshman of a New York college writes me as follows:

"I am a teetotaler and rather prefer companions who do not drink. But the other day I was making up a 'quiz' in mathematics and was alone with the professor in his office. My back was toward him. I did not turn around, of course, when the door opened and a man walked heavily in. Evidently the fact of my being in the room made no difference, for he opened up the conversation in a husky drawl with the statement, 'I have some awful good stuff with me,' etc., etc., stating the price, age, and all. Dr. S——, the professor, arranged with him for a considerable purchase. All this was behind my back. I was more than shocked. A bootlegger at a math quiz—where next?"

This may seem an unusual occurrence to some, but here is another fact which is even more strange. Some theological seminaries and divinity schools have their own bootleggers, and drinking to excess by some of the future reverend gentlemen is not unknown.

AS to high school drinking I know very little. Of course you are familiar with the newspaper accounts of drinking between classes by boys and girls alike, the "wet" parties said to be given by the youths, etc. I have not made any study of this, but I do know that a New York hotel has refused to take more school fraternity dances on account of the drinking and vandalism of the young people. I know also a high school principal who remarked in dead earnest that he did not know which way to turn in order to stop the promiscuous drinking that was going on among his pupils. He also told of a disgraceful incident that he observed enacted by a couple of fifteen and sixteen at one of their class parties.

One of the most serious questions in the problem of college drinking is the carousing of the alumni at commencement reunions and like occasions. Young folks always imitate their elders, and if they see the older men come back and make haste to become staggering drunk as soon as possible, it is hard to lecture the boys on their own misbehavior.

Thoughtless graduates who think only of having a "good time" during these few days that they have broken away from business and renewed old friendships set an example to their younger brothers that make it practically impossible to discipline them at these times or throughout the year.

The picture of undergraduate life painted by Scott Fitzgerald in "This Side of Paradise" and by Percy Marks in "The Plastic Age" may be untrue for some of the Western and Southern colleges and a few of the Eastern institutions—that I do not know. But their writings, I believe, give a pretty true report of a fair proportion of our college youth of to-day.

That the youth of our colleges will after a time get over the present feeling of smartness at breaking the Prohibition Law and turn their attention to something else is quite possible. At least let us hope so.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Eggs and Shakespeare

MR. BOOTH'S "Subtle Shining Secrecies" [1] is, physically, a fine book, well printed, bound, and expensively rubricated. The title is from "The Rape of Lucrece." The author thinks that his researches show "that the name of the poet, William Shakespeare, was a pen-name, and that the man who used it was Francis Bacon."

It is set forth with the minute industry which has often marked the works of writers who have striven to prove a similar theory. There is something appalling, almost spider-like, in the patience with which students bitten with the Baconian mania set themselves to their task. And there is a suggestion of their great man, Francis Bacon, a kind of unconscious tribute, in the complete absence of humor, or, at best, the heavy brand of humor, with which they are equipped. For, on the face of it, the idea is delicious that the solemn judge, Bacon, was a great humorist and the greatest dramatist of all time, but that he had to keep it a secret so profound that after his death nobody guessed it for two hundred years. And it needs a pedantic mind, irritated not to be able to account for genius, to seek to explain it by book-learning; to welcome the theory that the most learned man of his day must also have been the greatest literary genius. The plodding mind hates to believe that a wandering actor, with only a grammar-school education, could have written "Hamlet." You cannot explain genius by algebra; away with it, therefore, and let us adopt the fallacy that the head of his class will always outshine all his mates throughout life.

By this reasoning we may be told in three hundred years that Professor Langley let the poor ignorant Wright brothers get away with most of the credit for the invention of the airplane because he could not afford to acknowledge himself as the real inventor; that Lord Darling, the painful judicial humorist, really wrote Bernard Shaw's plays; and that Mark Twain was a pen-name, not for S. L. Clemens (who was *not* a university man), but for William H. Taft.

Mr. Booth accounts for the obstinacy which denies the patent fact that Bacon wrote the Shakespearean plays with a theory which I believe is a favorite of the Baconians. He suggests that there are "large vested interests in the shape of academic positions, text-books, and publications which must be protected for the sake of income or royalties." In other words, teachers and professors, authors and publishers, are conspiring to keep the world in ignorance, in fear of losing their jobs and their royalties. This is ingenious, and, if it is true, it uncovers a dreadful state of affairs. One has only to picture what will happen the day after the Baconians elect a majority in Congress and pass the 127th Amendment to the Constitution, making it a crime to attribute the authorship of the plays to Shakespeare. How much gold lettering will have to be rubbed off the backs of books, how many professors will have to be tried for teaching false doctrines, with what speed the Shakespeare statue in Central Park will have to be pulled down! Merely to scratch out the name of "Shake-spear" (as Mr. Booth calls him, with destructive irony) from the card catalogues will take so many steel erasers that if they are laid end to end they will reach three times around something or other.

Mr. Booth bases his contention—as do others who share his belief—on the idea that the Shakespearean plays were a kind of "pastime," which so great a man as Bacon could not afford to acknowledge without some disgrace, or, at least, embarrassment. Once believe that, and you can believe anything. Bacon could, however, sow the pages of Shakespeare thick with acrostics, tricks, and cross-word puzzles to indicate his authorship. If Mr. Booth sees the word "pigmies," his eagle gaze lights upon the syllable "pig," and he intimates that you will not go far astray if you smell—Bacon!

He has most patiently, and lavishly, rubricated certain letters and syllables here and there in the pages of Shakespeare, and he finds acrostics, "mesostics," "telestics," and other devices, as thick as autumn leaves. For the life of me, I cannot see what the system is, unless it is whenever you can find a B, an A, a C, an O, and an N, to print these letters in red ink, and leave them to dazzle your reader. But if you cannot find the name spelled correctly, dig up some other gibberish, almost anything will do: "Fra Hobac" is a "thin disguise" for "Fra Bacho." Very thin, indeed! Or look at "F. Becan." Or "Por Co" equals Porco, which equals the Spanish for Pig, which equals Bacon. Even the words "back of" can be twisted into meaning something which—if you have a theory and wish to dragoon facts to support it—is satisfactory. And the author is careful to suggest that you can see these things and follow his arguments if you are intelligent and reasonable, but that nothing can be hoped from the "complacent" and "ignorant" folk who follow Sidney Lee and the other authorities, whose names cause the Baconians acute distress, varying from well-bred annoyance all the way to foaming and gnashing. Mr. Booth takes the title-page of "The Tragedie of King Richard the second. As it hath beene publikely acted by," etc. As these words are arranged on the page, it happens that "cond" from "second," "as," and "by" begin their lines. Very well, take the "b" of "by," the "a" of "as," and the "con" of "cond" (omitting the "d" because you don't need it), and you have "bacon." Q.E.D.

How many of these clues and acrostics and "telestics" Mr. Booth omits! Did he never pause to think how many of the plays are about some King named Henry? And what is the first syllable of Henry but Hen? And what do Hens lay but eggs? And what is the natural accompaniment of eggs but—Bacon? Again, how many of the characters in the plays have names beginning with C! There are Cleopatra and Cressida and Cassius and Casca and Coriolanus and Caliban, to name but a few. And what is "C" but a cipher for "sea"? And who rushed down a steep place into the sea? And what would they have been, had they stayed, but Bacon? And again, what is the subtle significance of the first syllable of the name of Hamlet? What is Ham but a playful allusion to our beloved Francis, Lord Verulam, who (according to the extreme devotees) wrote all Elizabethan literature, and pretty much everything else excepting, perhaps, "Desire Under the Elms"?

Are these suggestions unfair and absurd? Well, if you find them so, look upon page 246 of this book. The reference is to the opening scene of "Mac-

[1] Subtle Shining Secrecies Writ in the Margents of Books. By William Stone Booth. The Walter H. Baker Company, Boston. $10.

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beth," to the speech of the three witches: "Padock calls anon." Mr. Booth takes the "Pa," the "c," and the "an," and produces "Pacan," which he solemnly exhibits as a signature of Francis Bacon. Is anything impossible? Meanwhile it should be noted that I have descried upon the title-page of "King Richard II," already quoted, anagrams with the names *Verlaine* and *Kipling*.

Mr. Booth dedicates his book to "the Inquisition of Truth," and the words are well chosen, for "inquisition" suggests an attempt to make some helpless creature say what we wish him to say by tormenting him with thumbscrews and the rack. "Truth" takes strange and unrecognizable forms under such treatment, harmless phrases are tortured out of all meaning. Ariel's words "On the bat's backe" strike the torturer as containing two significant words: "Back-On." And that—to all who are not either complacent or ignorant—is a clear sign-manual of Bacon!

Scholarship devoted to the discovery of truth, and not to bolstering up a delusion, might try to explain the great knowledge of stagecraft in Shakespeare's plays and the numerous mistakes in legal matters. For they are *not* full of profound knowledge of the law, as it has been asserted, but of small errors about it. And who that has ever known a lawyer can imagine him putting legal mistakes into his writings, no matter under how many "pen-names" they were to be published?

To many persons the Baconian theory is merely a form of madness, not worthy of discussion. Others—but not scholars of the first rank—have been attracted by it, because they fancy that we are more ignorant of the facts of Shakespeare's life than of most of his contemporaries. The theory is a curious chapter in the history of human delusions; an example of "the power of a theory to attract facts"—so-called facts, that is. In its wildest manifestations it supposes a vast and purposeless hoax, all kinds of scandals about Queen Elizabeth and nearly every one else, and a gigantic masquerade in which every one went disguised as somebody else, and toiled mightily to build up an absurd network of cryptograms and puzzles, like conspirators in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Nobody could have been more amused by it than Mr. William Shakespeare, of Stratford and London, author of "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark" and other plays and poems. And nobody would be more irritated by it than Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans, author of the "Novum Organum."

E. L. P.

The New Books

FICTION

BLACK CARGO. By John P. Marquand. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

It has happened not so very rarely in tales of peril and adventure, especially in those through which plays the baleful red gleam of piracy, that the bold, bad, and merciless villain quite crowds the virtuous and noble hero out of the limelight, in despite of the author's intention. Mr. Marquand in "Black Cargo" has neatly avoided this common and disconcerting accident. His hero, Charles Jervaile, while a well-intentioned and courageous young man, is by no means impeccably noble and is perfectly well acquainted with the sensation of fear. It is he who tells the story, but he does so, not as a tale of personal adventure, but to explain and justify his relations with the terrible old man Eliphalet Greer, whose character and career have become a tradition of the town. The narrative becomes naturally, as he himself declares, more Eliphalet Greer's story than his own, although covering only such parts of a dark and devious history as came within his own knowledge. This method gives the villain an undisputed right to the center of the stage. There is, to be sure, a heroine—quite a nice little person—and a group of minor characters: salty fellows all, whether of sea or shore. An old New England seaport, portrayed with knowledge and affection, is the scene of the story, and although piracy, marooning, and blackbirding are of its very essence, together with hired assassination, these assorted crimes for the most part occur previous to the action or off stage, as it were, and are gradually revealed as the character of Greer, the central and dominating figure, is more and more fully developed. He is depicted as a curious and powerful personality, evil and violent, yet much given to prayer; genuine in his religious belief, and partially so in his remorse between temptations; incompletely a hypocrite, but completely and commandingly a scoundrel.

Throughout the tale, an appealing type of the romance of the past and the prose of the present, comes and goes the old brig Felicity: "She was one of Eliphalet Greer's ships; one of the six he had built in the old Morrell yard. You can still see the warped timbers of the ways a half-mile up the river. My father took me with him in his phaeton when she was launched, with a man behind and a hamper full of burgundy. . . . And now she lies at the coal wharf, a poor slatternly servitor of an age which has driven her from the sea—a coal-barge drawn along the shore. Black dust is over her, and there is a grating of handbarrows on her decks, and her bow points up an empty stream. The gulls are sitting on the harbor buoy whose echoes roll uselessly on a land breeze out toward an empty sea. They are never quiet for long, those gulls. They keep circling about, edging upward until they seem like bits of cloud drift and then dropping back to the buoy again. I wonder, are they watching for a ship as they used to watch? They will never see one again. There are still clouds on the horizon, but never a ship comes out of them. . . . It is an effort to remember that the Felicity was once alive."

MR. GODLY BESIDE HIMSELF. By Gerald Bullett. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

This is an imaginative and amusing variation on a theme often handled in recent novels—middle age making one last desperate snatch at the flying skirt of romance. Mr. Godly is a Mr. Polly, of somewhat higher class. He speaks better English than Wells's adventurer, and has more money and position. But his problem is the same. At forty life becomes too much for him—or too little. He suddenly realizes the fatuity and the hopeless monotony of his suburban existence. There is nothing for him to worry about; everything is always the same. He is simply "fed up" with his home, his job, his wife, his whole routine. He thinks of suicide, but is stayed by Hamlet's qualm; besides, it would upset them at the office.

And besides, there awaits him at the office a gleam of hope, of happiness—Maia, the new little stenographer, with her demure and elfin loveliness. So he takes train as usual for the city, and shows his heart to Maia, and she miraculously if vaguely promises him his heart's desire. Then begins an adventure which carries him into fairy ways and, after solacing his soul with a blameless draught of romance, fetches him back home to his devoted if unexciting Florence. The test of a story like this is whether it leaves an effect of clever contrivance or of free fantasy. Gerald Bullett's gay adventure meets the test as we would have it met.

THE MILL OF MANY WINDOWS. By J. S. Fletcher. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

Here one of the greatest English writers of detective stories has for the second time turned to less exciting themes and has again chosen an old-time mill-owner as his leading character. These incursions into industrial life are both good, but one fancies that they will

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urprise the devoted crime reader who xpects the other thing.

LAZARUS. By Henri Berand. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

An extremely singular, powerful, and fascinating study of a double personality and of psychopathic possibilities. It is gloomy, but is well told and has a startling surprise in its conclusion.

HIGH NOON. By Crosbie Garstin. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.

Otto Penhale, son of a gypsy woman and a Cornish man, has roving and fighting in his blood. Sailor, smuggler, slaver, privateer, and lover, he always meets misadventure and defeat. But always he rushes recklessly on again. His adventures are strange and strenuous, even more so in "High Noon" than in Mr. Garstin's "The Owl's House," and as Otto is only forty when his "high noon" is passed, we are told to expect a third thrilling tale of his afternoon period. The present book is alive with action.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

THE LOST DOMINION: By Al. Carthill. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.

The book has for sub-title "The Story of England's Abdication in India." "Al. Carthill" is a pseudonym, the author being in the Government service in India. "The case of India," says he, "is up to the present the first and only example of the abandonment of a valuable possession on moral grounds." The mode and process of the so-called "abandonment" furnish the *motif* of the book. "Al. Carthill" is not a first-class political philosopher, nor a first-class wit or ironist, nor a first-class narrator, but he is almost each and all of those; wherefore he has produced a book which, though probably destined only to brief life, is for the present both amusing and illuminating. Part of the concluding chapter is, indeed, masterly.

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN IDEALISM. By Gustavus Myers. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

In "The History of American Idealism" Mr. Gustavus Myers combats the notion, widely credited not only by Europeans but even by our own people, that our Nation is so completely given over to materialism and money-making that ideals seldom take root in our soil. Mr. Myers assures his readers that he deals, not with theories, but with actual facts, and points with unquestioned truth to the enormous spread of education throughout the land and to the immense number of schools and colleges that have sprung up here in recent decades. He also shows what has been accomplished in an educational way in Porto Rico and the Philippines since those islands came within our sway. The author also treats

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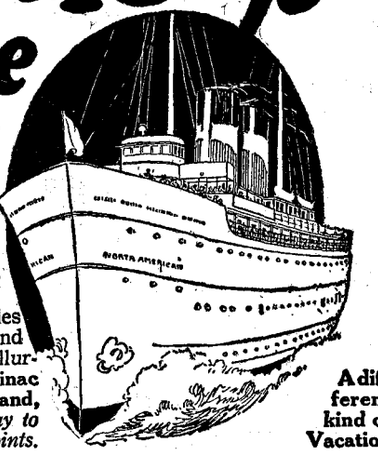

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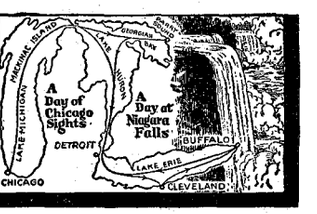

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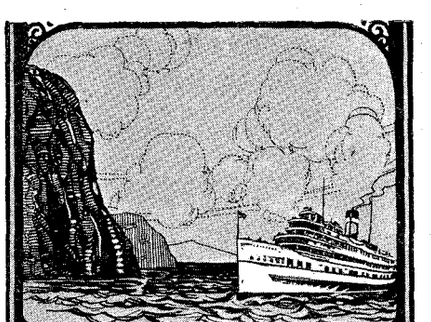

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of the universal feeling throughout this country in favor of world peace and the suppression of war, no matter by what means those results may be obtained. In his chapter on "Hostility to Servile Art" Mr. Myers is neither so happy nor so well informed as in his other pages, assuming that because West and Copley went to London and by their talents obtained orders from royalty and nobility they were guilty of "toadyism."

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

SAPPHO AND HER INFLUENCE. By David M Robinson. **ROMAN PRIVATE LIFE AND ITS SURVIVALS.** By Walton Brooks McDaniel **MYTHOLOGY.** By Jane Ellen Harrison. (Our Debt to Greece and Rome Series.) 3 vols The Marshall Jones Company, Boston. $1.50 per vol.

These are three more volumes in the attractive series called "Our Debt to Greece and Rome." Professor Robinson's book on Sappho is particularly interesting as biographical speculation, as literary history and criticism, as the study of legend and fact, and as a pretty complete account of the important things which have been said, written, imagined, painted, and sung about a famous and mysterious personage. To many, he writes, the name of Sappho lives to-day as hardly more than the hazy nucleus of a ragged fringe suggestive of erotic thoughts or of sexual perversion. Instead, it should suggest a great and pure poetess with marvelous expressions of beauty, grace, and power who haunts the dawn of Grecian lyric poetry. Professor Robinson is a scholar who does not scorn to be interesting, and does not lack the power to be so. He seems to cover the whole range of his subject, and his chapters on Sapphic translations and allusions in the literatures of the world are especially charming.

Notes on New Books

CHAOS AND A CREED. By James Priceman. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.50.

The personal religious experiences of the author. James Priceman is a pseudonym of an author declared by the publishers to be well known in other fields.

THE MONSTER. By Harrington Hext. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Thriller, by an author who does far better when he writes under his own name.

THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS. By Bruce Barton The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.50.

A life of Jesus written from the viewpoint and for the edification of the modern man of business.

BROADCASTING: ITS NEW DAY. By Samuel L. Rothafel and Raymond Francis Yates. The Century Company. $2.

Mr. Rothafel is decidedly better known as "Roxy." This is all about radio and its future.

PONTIFEX MAXIMUS. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 75c.

A short story of Italy in which a Pope of Rome is one of the chief characters.

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THE LETTERS OF MADAME. Vol. II. Translated and Edited by Gertrude Scott Stevenson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $5.

The correspondence of Elizabeth-Charlotte of Bavaria, one of the Court of Louis XIV.

WHEN LIFE LOSES ITS ZEST. By Abraham Myerson. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.75.

A Professor of Neurology at Tufts tells what to do when you are nearly bored to death; when, for instance, you have been reading the perfunctory notes about the books in this column.

INDUSTRIAL OWNERSHIP. By Robert S. Brookings. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

IN PULPIT AND PARISH. By Nathaniel J. Burton. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

Yale lectures on preaching by the former pastor of Park Church, Hartford, Connecticut.

GREAT UNIVERSITY MEMORIALS. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $3.

Notable for its beautiful illustrations in half-tone of recent memorial buildings in American universities.

WORLD MISSIONARY ATLAS. Edited by Harlan P. Beach and Charles H. Fahs. The Institute of Social and Religious Research, New York. $10.

THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES. By Mme. De La Fayette. Translated by H. Ashton. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

One of the Broadway translations.

THE WESTERN SHORE. By Clarkson Crane. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

Stories of student life in a Californian university.

PARTIES FOR OCCASIONS. By Claire Wallis and Nellie Ryder Gates. The Century Company, New York. $1.75.

How to get up parties and frolics for various occasions throughout the year.

PERSONAL PROGRESS IN RELIGION. By Thomas Frederick Davies. The Morehouse Publishing Company, Milwaukee. $1.

Essays or sermons by the Bishop of Western Massachusetts.

WHO'S WHO IN THE BIBLE. By Rev. E. Fletcher Allen. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

An alphabetical dictionary of the more prominent personages of the Bible.

By the Way

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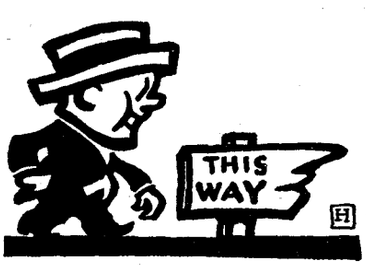

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Better Business Bureaus

By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

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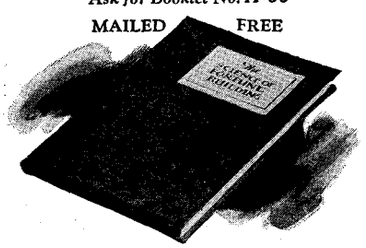

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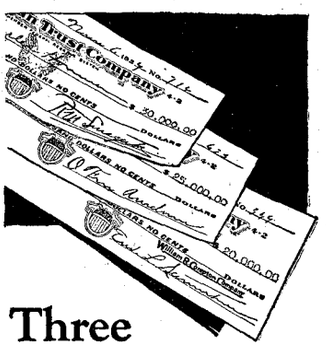
Not long ago, by way of illustration, the Boston Bureau published a timely warning against the telephoning stock and bond operator. The game is worth knowing about because knowledge serves as a warning.

"The man I am talking about is the one who goes haphazardly through the telephone book, chances upon your name, and calls you up. He will get in touch with you and say that your name has been given him by a prominent citizen who knows that you want to make money. He talks so rapidly that you have no chance to break into the one-sided conversation. He has a good stock, so his story runs, that he can let you have on a small deposit and that will show you a large profit in a week's time. Never does he try to sell you stock outright, because then there would be no occasion for him to call and try and sell you some more. If you buy, he will be after you again in a few days, and will then inform you that he has a customer who wants a block of the same stock that you hold, but wishes to buy more than you hold. To get a further big profit, you need only to buy enough additional securities to supply this new customer.

"Thereafter this salesman, whom you can identify only by his voice and with a name that is probably fictitious, will continue to load you up as long as you will keep on buying. He does not want to deliver the securities, so he tries always to induce you to take more than you can pay for. When you get to the end of your rope, you discover that in all probability you have paid far more than the market price. Instead of indulging in a little profitable speculation, you have lost quite a bit of money."

One of the pamphlets which is being distributed by Better Business Bureaus contains ten questions which the investor should ask of the salesman. I copy them here because they are very useful and might well be asked about any and all investments, whether suspicious or not.

1. What are the names and principal address of your employers and how long have they been in business?
2. With what bank does your firm do business and what are its other references?
3. What were the assets (real worth) of the company in which



Three checks that will pay your future income

Let us suppose the fortune you are building will come to you some day in the form of three separate checks. Assume that you will have put by $1,000 each year for 30 years.

The *first check*, then, represents just what you have saved—$30,000. That is the margin your foresight has drawn between income and expenses during your best earning years. But of course your money has earned something, too.

So the *second check* is what your money has earned. It is the total of interest money and coupons and dividends, compounded and reinvested as you went along. If you have used ordinary care in investing over the 30-year period, this second check should amount to $25,000.

Then there is a *third check*. Experience teaches that it should pay you about $20,000. It represents the many additional sums you have *gained* by availing yourself of the constant services of an experienced and capable investment connection. Be sure of this *third check*. Whether the fortune you enjoy later is $55,000 or $75,000, depends largely upon the care with which you chose your investment house in the first place.

Twelve distinct features of Compton cooperation which make for a fully effective income-building program are outlined in our booklet, "Successful Investing." Let us mail you a copy. Write for Booklet O6.

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stock is being sold at the date of its organization, and what are the assets now?

4. What are the company's liabilities?

5. What are its earnings?

6. How many times has interest or dividends on this security issue been earned in the past five years?

7. Who are the officers of the company and what is their record of business activity during the past five years?

8. What experience have these officers had in the business in which the company is engaged.

9. Is this security accepted as collateral for loans at banks?

10. What is the market for this security in the event I want to dispose of it?

Limitations of space prevent further description of the Better Business movement or of its methods. The best practical suggestion we can give at this time is to publish the following directory of Better Business Bureaus and urge readers whose investment questions relate to propositions *other than standard investments* to communicate with the nearest Bureau. You will find it worth while.

THE LIST

Akron, Ohio—Better Business Commission of Akron. Commissioner, H. L. Baldensperger, 710 Second National Bank Building.

Baltimore, Maryland—Better Business Bureau of Baltimore. Managing Director, Robert T. Test, 1204 Munsey Building.

Birmingham, Alabama—Better Business Bureau of Birmingham. Manager, H. I. McEldowney, 244 Lincoln Life Building.

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Cincinnati, Ohio—Better Business Commission. Manager, Philip L. Baldwin, 508 Keith Building.

Columbus, Ohio—Better Business Commission. Manager, Karl T. Finn, 419 Citizens Bank Building.

Cleveland, Ohio—Better Business Commission. Manager, Dale Brown, Statler Hotel.

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Fort Wayne, Indiana—Better Business Bureau. Secretary-Manager, Robert M. Snyder, 437 Standard Building.

Fresno, California—Better Business Bureau. Manager, Edward Kanitz, 216 Brix Building.

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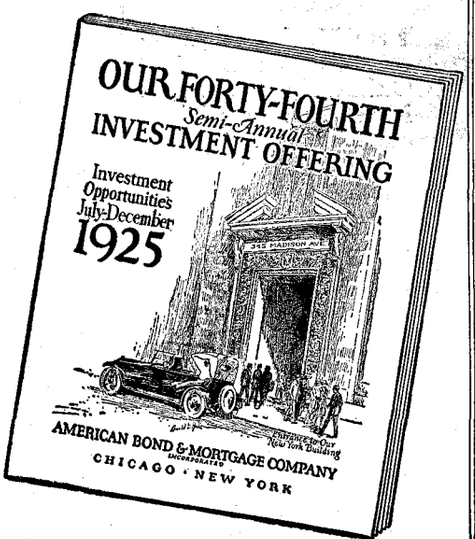

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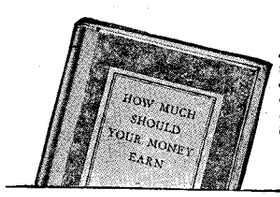

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Tulsa, Oklahoma—Better Business Bureau. Manager, Alfred J. Graves, 306 National Bank of Commerce Building.

Washington, D. C.—Better Business Bureau. Director, Howard M. Cool, 335 Evening Star Building, Eleventh Street and Pennsylvania Avenue.

From Inquiring Readers

"I AM much interested in your fine article about 'Wills,'" writes a reader, and wonders "what is the present tendency about leaving an estate in trust to children. Are you looking forward to a tendency among lawgivers to 'soak' such estates?"

We believe that there is a strong tendency to leave property in trust for children. We believe that it is a good tendency. The rapid growth of trust companies and trust departments of National banks, with Nation-wide advertising campaigns educating the people to the necessity of conserving property, is largely responsible for this tendency. We do not believe that the lawmakers will penalize such estates. They will penalize the wealthy man who seeks to avoid inheritance taxes by creating trusts—in fact, have already done so.

A TYPICAL Outlook inquiry is to submit a list of four or five securities and to ask for basic information about them. We try to reply succinctly, but it is sometimes difficult, as there is so much to say. The following may be of interest to others than the inquirer:

"The Nevada-California Electric Corporation 6 per cent bonds, due 1946, are considered by Moody to be an A bond. The security is strong—*i. e.*, the deposit of stock and bonds of subsidiaries. Consolidated Power and Light 6½s of 1943 are a Baa bond—in other words, not rated quite as high. Eagle Silk 6½s, due 1938, are given also the rating of Baa. They are not a first-mortgage bond, but are a direct obligation of the company. The same rating applies to Pillsbury Flour Mills Company first 6s, due 1943. Back of these bonds is a first mortgage on the entire property of the company. As to Eastern Manufacturing preferred, there is good reason to expect that this concern may 'come back' to the benefit of its preferred stockholders."

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Facts For Investors

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